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LOVE'S LONGING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA H. CASE.

A woman, fair as fair can be,
Is gazing out far o'er the sea,
If e'er a glimpse of sail there be—

Lingering, till in the West afar
Shimmers the silver evening star,
And waves moan o'er the harbor bar.

Watching as she had watched one day
A good ship slowly glide away,
Far down the emerald tinted bay.

And of all on earth to her was none
So dear as the beloved one
She bore far toward the setting sun.

So through the dreary waste of years
She watches, sick with nameless fears,
And sad eyes full of unshed tears.

God pity thee, poor waiting bride,
For neither wind, nor wave, nor tide
Will ever bring him to thy side.

And oh! God help us all, we pray,
Who drearily from day to day,
Watch for our loved ones far away.

Longing with wild insatiate pain,
That thrills through throbbing heart and brain,
To clasp our darlings once again.

And whatsoe'er the cause may be,
Whether 'tis death on land or sea
That keeps them far from thee and me—

Only His pitying love may know
How deep our pain, can only show
Our wandering footsteps where to go.

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS;

OR,

A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

THE ABDUCTION.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOVES DENOUEMENT.

The floored constable rose furiously to his feet, pistol in hand, and fired wildly into the gloom. Then without waiting for the result of his shot, he dashed through the window after the fugitive. At the same instant the others rushed out, through the doors, leaving Howard alone in the apartment.

They had hardly departed before Nellie entered, alarmed by the report of the pistol.

She stopped in surprise and embarrassment at seeing Mr. Howard alone.

"What has happened? Why are you alone? Is any one hurt?"

"No one. They are in pursuit of the fugitive."

"The fugitive?"

"I forgot that you were not present. I refer to Simon Du Bar, to whom I have given his real name of John Middleton, and accused him as the agent of the murderous efforts upon our lives."

"What! Is it possible? And he has escaped?"

"Yes. He leaped through the window. The others are in full chase of him."

"Tell me, Mr. Howard, is it all a dream? Or is it true that I have been bearing a false name, and am heiress to a fortune?"

"It is all true."

"I will not be happier, I cannot be happier, than I have been here, with only this small farm, a contented mind, and true friends. But I thank you all the same, and suppose when I fully return to my senses, and to the realization of what can be done with that amount of money, I can better appreciate your kindness. But have you really continued here and risked your life, so repeatedly, with no other aim than the single purpose of befriending me?"

"Now I won't consent to be made a hero of. I have run no great risk."

"You have! You glorious, noble soul! You have dared death every day in my service! I care not what you may think! What any one may think! I will—" and she finished the sentence by clasping the astonished man in her arms with a warm and loving embrace, giving him a good kiss. Then, blushing as redly as the morning sky, yet with a low laugh as of amused surprise at her own temerity, she released him, and ran like a guilty thing for the door.

Her hand was on the latch before he recovered from the shock of delight and astonishment with which the sudden assault had transfixed him. But with a single leap he reached the hall just after her, and caught her by the hand as she placed her foot on the first step of the stairs, anxious to hide the confusion arising from her impulsive action in her own apartment.

"Cruel!" he cried. "Can you flee from me, after filling my soul with such joy as it never knew before? There must be more than gratitude in your action. Gratitude never yet gave such a kiss. Nellie, dear Nellie, I love you! Love you with all the fervor of my soul, with the deepest and truest affection! Oh, tell me that it is returned! But I know it is! words may dissemble; impulse cannot. I have the proof of your love yet burning on my lips."

"Don't be too sure of that," she saucily replied, turning her face away to hide the happy light that was glowing on every feature.

"Then give me its assurance. You must! You shall!" he cried, as she struggled to escape. "You shall not go till you have answered my appeal."

"Hush! They are returning. I hear their steps! Let me go!"

"Yes, or no? They are short words. Yet one will thrill me with happiness, the other plunge me into despair. Speak, dear Nellie. Have I offended you?" as she made an ineffectual little effort to escape. "But I am forgetting. You are an heiress now, I a poor mercenary nobody. And I have let myself be surprised into a confession which I intended to conceal forever in my heart. Go. I have been too presumptuous." And he released his unwilling prisoner.

But there was no longer any desire to fly. She turned to him a face beaming with love. "How dare you accuse me so, you cruel, cruel, dear, kind old soul, whom I love as I love my life?" and she held her lips in such tempting proximity that he fastened on them like the bee on the flower, taking all their honeyed sweetness in one long draught. Then, as footsteps sounded on the porch without, she turned and fled like a frightened fawn up the stairs.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MIDDLETON ESCAPES.

The fugitive had escaped. Favored by the darkness of the night, and the cover afforded by the wooded glen so near the house, he had readily reached the pine forest beyond. Accustomed as he was to its gloomy avenues, pursuit was useless. The faint illumination of the sky failed to penetrate here, and in the dense darkness of the woods his pursuers groped like blind men. The Squire, with Solomon and one or two others, perceived, after the first hot burst of excitement was over, that it was quite visionary to hope to catch the fugitive with all these circumstances in his favor. These returned after a few minutes' absence. The others continued in pursuit, but one by one returned, till the whole party had reassembled, with the exception of two who failed to return at all. It was afterward found that one of these missing persons found his way into the village after an hour's wandering. The other became so inextricably entangled in the darkness of the woodland, and came into so many fearful collisions with trunks of unseen trees, that he was finally compelled to stretch himself on a bed of soft moss, and wait till morning. No great hardship that soft summer night.

"Well, I like a joke," said Solomon. "But this one's a mite too good for my liking. What laugh there is in it is all on t'other side."

"It was too bad to let the fellow slip out of our fingers that way," said the Squire. "But he is evidently a practiced athlete. And besides no one dreamed that he had any thought of flight."

"I didn't dream it," said Solomon. "But I was wide awake to it. And for all that I judged what he was up to—I jest set still and give him a clear track."

"But he must be caught. He, and the whole gang of outlaws at his back. This series of outrages has almost reached its climax. It is quite time we were turning the tables."

"The feller's given us the slip, entire," said the constable, entering at this moment. "An' the worst of it, he give me a clip of his fist first that was wuss than a mule kick. Hang him, I'll be even with him yet for't, or it'll be queer."

Mr. Howard entered at this moment. He could not, for his life, have returned to the room with but a short interval, to cool the fever of happiness that burnt too palpable in his eyes, and to bring himself more into rapport with the base earthliness of every-day life; he who was just descending from the heaven of first love's sweet confession.

"Why, Howard, my dear fellow," cried Solomon, "I thought you were still after him like a blood-hound. You did hunt him down well, that's sure, and come down on him at the end like a load of brick on a nigger's brain-pan. But there he sat the whole time jest ready to jump the first step made towards him. But hang him, let him go. To think of our little Nell being a rich heiress! It come near taking my breath when you let it out so sudden. And you've got all the proofs in good train?"

"Everything ready. Suit will be made at once, unless they are wise and hand over the estate without putting us to the trouble to bring it into court. I have everything so arranged that they have not the ghost of a chance."

"Well, that'll bring up our runaway friend with a sharp turn of the rope, that I think will hurt some. But don't you fear he'll be trying something desperate? I don't think your life's a bit safe here jest now, with such a murdering villain afloat—and that infernal Budd gang ready to do whatever he gives the word for. You had best make yourself scarce; for awhile, anyhow."

"I do not fear him. Forewarned is forearmed. I will see that he does not take me at an advantage again; and with a fair chance, I would not shrink from the whole gang. I shall certainly remain here till I have finished my work, despite the Budds."

Solomon alone saw the peculiar look that crossed his face as he spoke, a look strikingly at variance with his belligerent words; and the heart of the poor fellow was troubled within him as he thought of his own hopeless love for Nellie, and feared that this expression betokened that it was a hopeful and accepted love that formed the secret reason of his rival's determination to remain. More and more he had sunk into the gulf of Despond, but was finding that the hand of Sally Price had wonderful power to pull him out again. He was in that uncomfortable transition state in which the heart, repelled from the door at which it has been knocking, will enter the first door that lies open before it, in search of love.

"But what's to be did next?" said the constable. "That's the only question that worries me."

"I think one or two of us better take horse and ride over to Joe Bradley's," replied Solomon. "He's got all his baggage there, an' knows that if he don't strike for it to-night it'll be too late. If we can get there in time we may nab him."

"Which is a mighty poor show. But I'm with you to try it," said the constable.

"And as it is my way home, I shall be a third," said Howard.

"But, mind you, we've got mighty little time to lose," said the constable. "A feller that can jump like a panther, will not let the grass grow under his feet. So let's for the saddle."

But it took some time to get the horses ready for the road, and fifteen minutes elapsed before they started.

The three horsemen rode as rapidly as the darkness rendered at all safe. As they at length drew up at the door of the Sorrel Horse Inn, it was to see the host on the porch, looking down the road in the opposite direction.

"What's up, Joe?" cried Solomon.

"I'm taking a farewell look after Mr. Du Bar. He's jest left me. Paid up like a man. Hired my best team, and is off to the railroad depot to catch the night train."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ABDUCTION.

The constable alone rode on. Before he could reach the depot the train had passed. No person answering the description of Du Bar had purchased a ticket. But he might have got aboard without a ticket. Bradley's team had certainly been there, and was sent back in the charge of a hanger-on at the depot. The fugitive had escaped.

Still it was not certain that he had left that part of the country. There were several stations within a few miles of each other, at any of which he might have got off. There was a chance then, that he might reappear on the scene at any unexpected moment.

The news of Nellie Brown's good fortune and of the unveiling of Du Bar, flew rapidly from month to mouth, until, variously embellished, it reached every ear within several miles' circuit. It is difficult to appreciate the wonder and intense interest excited by such an occurrence in a quiet country region, that has not its two excitements in a year; difficult, that is, for citizens, who live in an atmosphere of excitement.

The heroine of the story herself took perhaps less interest in it than any of her friends. Not that she failed to appreciate the greatness of the change which it promised her; but that a deeper and richer story had just been breathed into her ear. Her soul leaped for joy, not for the base fortune of money, but for the abounding wealth of love that had been proffered her.

Sally Price called on her several days after the occurrence just detailed. She had been absent from home, and thus had failed to hear of the good fortune that had fallen to her friend, until some time after it had become the common property of the whole neighborhood.

No grass grew under her feet as she made her way, full of gladness and the desire to congratulate, to her friend's residence. She was far too unselfish to feel even a tinge of envy.

Nellie sat on the porch, brooding in the sunlight and in the happy glow of pleasant feelings, when her visitor broke upon her, with the impetuosity and warmth of a thunderbolt.

"Oh, you hateful, abominable thing!" she cried, emphasizing each word with an explosive kiss. "What do you want with filthy lucre? you, who are as happy as a queen now? And why couldn't you wait till I got home? What business had you to rob me of the chance to take part in the very tragic denouement which I am told you have had? Fie on you! I won't notice you when you become a millionaire, if you are going to treat me this way."

"But, Sally, you know that time and tide wait for no man; nor woman either. It is not my fault that I have become an heiress. I wouldn't have done it if I had not thought it would meet with your approbation. But if you will only forgive me this time I will take care not to do so again."

"Well, you are forgiven; though it is more than you deserve. And to think of it! That smooth, specious Simon Du Bar, unmasked and proved a traitor and would-be murderer; and your aunt his accomplice!"

"No aunt of mine, thank Heaven."

"I am utterly dumbfounded. Why what a scene you must have had! And what has become of the precious Miss Wilton?"

"She left the house that very night. Nobody interfered with her. I do not know where she has gone. I have spoken no word to her since hearing of her infamy."

"She bore you no love. That I have long seen. And little to me; though, for that matter, she received little from me. At the same time, you will need to keep her in sight. There may be resistance to your claim, and her evidence be required."

"Oh, I will leave all that to the men," answered Nellie. "But just think of it all; me, little, insignificant me, the heiress of a great fortune. It is all a dream to me, Sally. I cannot realize it. I, who have spent my life on this quiet little plantation, to be laden with riches and launched into all the excitement of city life. How will my poor brain bear it all?"

"Send for me. I will give you lessons in dignity. My example will teach you how to bear fortune with equanimity."

"You? If I get such a madcap as you to teach me behavior, I will need—"

"There, now you are going to talk slander. Hold your tongue till you can better understand my virtues. But if you are really blind to the advantages of having me for a mistress of ceremonies, I don't know what else you are to do, unless it be to get married. And how are you to know now but that the man who asks your hand is some mercenary wretch, who is only in love with your money?"

"There is no fear of that;" and Nellie's face glowed with a crimson that was not lost on her friend.

"Not? Why not? Why, girl, you are positively blushing. What has happened? Has Solomon—" She stopped, as a sudden sickening fear rushed upon her.

"No, no! We are friends. That is all we ever shall be. I leave Solomon to you. He is half yours now. With me out of the way, you—"

"Hush, now, Nellie Brown. He does not care for me, and never will. He is not the man to love twice."

"Much you know about men. I tell you he is half in love with you, and shall yet be in so deep, that only your merciful hand can pull him out."

"Now you are making fun of me. Where has he shown the sign of such a feeling? He is even becoming cold and distant with me. He that was so free with me as a brother. Nellie, I have given up all hopes of such fruition. Don't let us talk of such unprofitable subjects. Who is your—friend?"

"I did not say I had a—friend."

"But you see I am good at guessing. You are so sure about him that you must be sure of him. Who is he?"

"You are so good at guessing; can you not guess?"

"What! And you are really in earnest? You've got a real, live, declared lover? And you have been playing with me for an hour, talking about money, with something so much more interesting in your fancy all the time. You shall be punished for this. You shall tell me the whole affair, word for word, just as it happened."

Nellie turned away her face, with a new feeling of shame upon her at her friend's request.

"Come, come!" continued Sally. "You are not going to cheat me of so sweet a morsel. Why if it is ever my lot to have a lover you shall have the story of our love-making, drawn out to the last syllable of detail, and highly embellished too, I promise you that."

"But I have no story."

"As if I would believe anything of the kind! Put on your hat. Come with me. You shall breathe the sweet tale to the winds of heaven, and to my ears, where there will be no eavesdroppers but the birds and the butterflies. To tell me that there is no story! Come, you shall not escape so easily." And she drew her almost by main force to the garden, through which they slowly paced towards the glen in the rear.

All that they said is not for us to detail. First, that we have given the essential portions of it; secondly, that it is none of our business to tell the love confidences of two young girls; thirdly, that we do not know what they said. Heedless whither they went, in the deep interest of that story, old forever, yet forever new, they strayed on up the glen, unknowing how far they had gone. At length they found the ravine merging into the level surface of the pine forest. They had traversed the whole length of the glen, and had emerged into the woodland.

They turned to retrace their steps. An unexpected sight met their eyes; one that sent the blood back in cold waves upon their hearts. Four men stood between them and the head of the glen, four stern, savage fellows; one a full-blooded negro, the others with the yellow hue of the mulatto, though strongly Caucasian in feature. The thought rose simultaneously in the minds of the two girls that these were part of the Budd gang. Their sudden appearance indicated that they had been concealed behind the trees. For what purpose? A terrible sinking at the heart came upon the girls as they turned and thought to walk unconcernedly past these fearful sentinels, who stood so silently awaiting their movements. At their first step forward one of the men strode before them, saying:

"T'other way, ladies. We don't want to put yer to any onconvenience, but reckon as how you'll take a little journey with us."

Nellie was so overcome with dread that for the moment she was unable to speak. Her friend burst out indignantly:

"What do you mean, fellow? How dare you attempt to hinder our passage? Move out of our way this instant, or you shall be sorry for it."

"Mebbe so, my fiery little lady, but we'll run the risk. You've got ter go with us, an' there's no use in any palaver."

"Go with you!" said Nellie, in a faint, fluttering voice.

"Jest so, an' there's no two ways about it."

"What do you mean, rascals?" cried Sally, courageously. "Come, Nellie, let them attempt to stop us if they dare. If they lay a hand on you, raise the village with your cries."

"Yer mought as well save your breath, my dear," said the man, with a hoarse laugh. "We've got no time to waste here. Jest show them the way, boys, an' sf they won't walk, we'll have to carry them."

At this instant his eye, which was roving continuously with the cautious instinct of the scout, caught sight of a small body stealing under the low bushes in front, and working round for the head of the glen.

With a fierce bound he started in pursuit. Immediately the skulking figure rose, and the ebony face of Pete was seen turned intelligently towards his mistress as he leaped past them with the agility of a hare, and ran rapidly for the glen. With the spring of a panther in pursuit the outlaw dashed after him. For a minute the chase appeared in full view as pursuer and pursued rushed into the bushy opening of the glen. The next they were lost in the winding path, and nothing but an occasional imprecation from the outlaw told of the pursuit.

His companions crowded down nearer the glen to watch the chase.

"Now, Nellie," whispered her companion, clasping her hand, and dragging her off in flight in the opposite direction.

This movement was instantly perceived by the outlaws, and before the fugitives had taken ten steps, they felt the strong grasp of the men upon their shoulders. Wild screams burst from their lips at this rude detention; Nellie's from nervous dread, Sally's with the hope of making herself heard.

The captors instantly stifled these cries, clasping their mouths with a fierce pressure that almost made them seek to scream again with pain.

"Stop yer blasted pipes, can't yer?" said one of these, a fellow with the face of a satyr and the expression of a murderer. "If yer whimpers again, durned if I don't clap gags into yer mouths."

"What do you want with us?" cried Sally, freeing her lips from the rude fingers of her captor.

"Ye'll find out when the time comes. But sf yer don't walk with us quiet, an' keep yer tongues still, we'll have to carry you and gag you too."

"Walk with you quiet!" cried Sally, indignantly wrenching herself loose from his grasp, and darting in rapid flight through the wood, screaming at every step.

With a horrid imprecation the man pursued her. After a short chase the indomitable girl was again captured. Without a word, the ruffian drew a large handkerchief from his pocket, and proceeded to bind it across her lips, so tightly as to quite forbid speech. She struggled so desperately that he was forced to call his remaining companion to his assistance in order to accomplish his object. Finally he only succeeded in neutralizing her resistance by tying her hands firmly behind her.

Nellie, to whom it appeared that the chance of escape was utterly hopeless, and who lacked the strength and energy of her friend, beheld with mingled hope and fear this desperate effort at flight, though without a thought of emulating it. The leader of the outlaws now appeared, bearing on his shoulder the minute form of Pete, whom he had tied hand and foot, and carried as he would have carried a sack of corn.

"Get ahead with ye now," he cried. "We'll have ter take this wrigglin' little nig with us, or he'll raise the country. If the gals won't walk, jest tie them, an' carry them. We can't lose time for their foolery."

The cavalcade instantly started forward through the wood, even Sally consenting to walk when she perceived that the villains really meant to subject her to the disagreeable alternative of being carried.

For a mile they proceeded thus in silence, at a speed which showed that the captors feared danger. This brought them to the creek at a point where it was crossed by a lane leading up from the village, a rough bridge crossing the water.

A light carriage, with two horses, stood here by the roadside, occupied by a person closely resembling in dress and general appearance those who now approached him.

"Anybody passed, Jim?"

"No. The coast's clear. But where's the Cap.?"

"Dunno. He went down to look arter the gal, when she walked plumb into our hands. We'll have to wait here, I reckon, till he comes."

"'Twont do. You stay here an' meet him. We'll have to get. But what do yer want with the two gals and the nigger?"

"Had to take them all, or we'd had the country on us."

"But we can't take but the one."

"Leave t'other here then. But we'll hev ter tie her till ye get a start. Somebody will unloose her."

"An' the nigger?"

"He's jest as slippery as an eel. Reckon we'll take him along."

"What do you intend to do with us?" asked Nellie, in growing alarm. "We have done you no harm. Why do you make war on innocent girls? If it is money you want let us go, and we will see that you are paid whatever you demand."

"'Taint money, gal. An' thar's no use talkin'. You've jest got to go. Lend me yer handkercher, Jim; we'll have to stop this gal's lip."

Nellie attempted to remonstrate, but the thick handkerchief was tied firmly across her mouth, heedless of her words.

The next moment she was lifted bodily and laid on the back seat of the carriage. A wide blanket was thrown over her and tied down, so that it simply appeared as if a bundle of merchandise occupied the seat.

Pete was next lifted in, bound hand and foot, and laid along at the feet of the driver, a similar blanket being thrown over him. The fellow called Jim and another of the crew mounted the front seat.

"Now git," said the leader.

Sally's eyes burned with indignation as she saw the driver take the reins in hand, and apply the whip to his horse.

She sprang forward as the carriage started, as if she hoped, hampered as she was, in some way to release her friend.

She was at once caught by one of the men, and the loose end of the cord which bound her hands tied round the trunk of a tree a short distance back from the road.

At this moment the keen-eyed outlaw who formed the spokesman of the party discerned the figure of a man approaching them through the trees.

"Thar he comes now," he exclaimed. "We'll have ter make tracks arter Jim. This place isn't safe a minute."

Sally's quick eyes had discerned the approaching person almost as soon as her captor, and her heart gave a wild leap of joy as the prospect of help appeared. In the next moment her heart sank more heavily than before as she recognized the well-known form of Du Bar, while a full understanding of the object of the abduction burst upon her.

"Hallo! what's all this?" he cried, as he came up.

"We's stole a march on you, that's all. The rabbit is caught, an' Jim's away with her now."

"Aha! And you've been fools enough to take this girl with her? A bad job, my men. We can't carry her off, and can't stop her tongue, and we are like to have the whole county on us."

"Durn the county! Let us get in our hole fust, an' we kin laugh at the county. It won't be the fust time. Leave her here, an' we'll be fur enough afore anybody unties her."

Du Bar, or Middleton, as we shall hereafter call him, met the eyes of his prisoner, bent on him with a glance so strong and scornful that he was not able for a minute to sustain it. His eyes fell, and he turned in slight confusion to his confederates.

"I don't quite like leaving her here; and yet it won't do to loosen her before we get a fair start."

"Oh, come ahead. Fasten her alongside the road, an' somebody will be along in an hour or so, and by that time we'll be all right."

This was accordingly done, Middleton carefully avoiding her eyes, as if their glance was more than his slight remains of conscience could sustain.

They now started off rapidly through the woods, taking a direct course, which would bring them to the borders of the swamp as quickly as the carriage could arrive by the more indirect course of the roads.

For an hour the prisoner waited for relief, the road remaining in utter solitude, every minute seeming an hour to her in her intense anxiety to escape. At the end of that period she heard with joy the sound of approaching wheels.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOLOMON IN SEARCH.

Solomon had been out driving on business that day. On his return home by a country road, leading westerly, he was passed by a light carriage containing two men, who were driving in the opposite direction, at the full speed of their horses. The back seat of the vehicle was occupied by a blanketed bundle, on which one of the men placed his hand as the carriages met. A peculiar movement under the blanket attracted our friend's attention. Glancing in the face of the driver he immediately recognized him as the Jim Budd whom he had recently captured in the swamp.

A suspicion of there being something wrong crossed his mind, and he drew up as they met, saying:

"Come, my man, what have you there?"

Nellie heard and recognized the voice through the thick and stifling folds of the blanket, and made a sudden struggle to rise, which it needed all the strength of the second outlaw to repress.

Solomon saw this movement, and saw also the edge of a lady's dress under the blanket, a dress that appeared familiar to him.

"Hold there!" he cried. "You infernal rascal, are you carrying somebody off?"

He attempted to seize one of the horses' reins, but Budd, with a fierce application of the whip, forced them to leap past at full speed. Solomon immediately tried to turn his carriage in the narrow road, with intent to pursue them. The outlaw divined his intention, and turned as he drove off, crying:

"Sol Muddle, I owe you one. Here's for you!"

The sharp crack of a pistol broke on the air. But Solomon, warned in time, had instantly stooped. The whistling bullet struck the rein, where he had thrown it up as he stooped, cutting the leather in twain.

The horse, frightened by the report, and only partly turned, swerved back into the road, and set off at full speed, his driver quite unable to restrain him, in consequence of his cut rein.

By the time he succeeded in stopping him, at least a mile separated the two carriages. He had then to tie the broken rein, which consumed still more time. He had, at first, fully intended to pursue the outlaws, with the hope of meeting assistance, and possibly of capturing them. But this accident quite destroyed his chances, and he felt that nothing remained but to drive as fast as possible to the village, and to discover what had happened in his absence. He felt sure that some woman had been covered by the blanket, and puzzled his brain to connect the edge of a dress he had seen with some person of his acquaintance. It had seemed familiar to him, but was too slight to enable him to fully recognize it.

Touching his horse with the whip, he drove at full speed down the lane, taking the nearest route to the village. He had continued thus for nearly half an hour, and was about a mile distant, when a peculiar noise by the roadside attracted his attention. He had been too intent on his purpose to look either to the right or to the left, and only his sense of hearing remained open. He now looked keenly around him for a moment, but saw nothing, as he failed to look behind him, and had passed the spot whence the noise proceeded before hearing it. Imagining that he had heard but a rabbit or a squirrel, he gave the sound no further attention, but drove rapidly on, too intent on reaching the village to think long of aught else.

Sally Price, who had beheld with a throbbing heart the man she loved drive by, heedless of her condition, and had made the noise with her feet in the fallen leaves and burrs of the pines that for a moment startled him, sank down in utter misery as his carriage disappeared in the distance, with an awful feeling of desertion by all the world, and a hopelessness of relief that robbed her of the courage which had sustained her until now.

She had hardly thus fallen before Solomon drove, with all the vigor of life and excitement, into the village. He leaped from his carriage, asking in a minute a dozen questions of the men who were gathered on the hotel porch, enjoying the evening; for the hour was growing late, and darkness rapidly approaching.

They sprang up, equally excited with himself, by the tenor of his questions, but none able to give him any information.

"There's no use talking, men," he cried. "Some girl's been carried off from hereabouts. The question is, who's missing?"

The village was instantly examined from end to end, inquiry being made at every house, but every domicile contained its full number of inhabitants.

Just then Mr. Price walked into the crowd that had rapidly collected, and inquired what was the matter. A dozen voices eagerly answered.

"Well, I reckon we're all right at home," he replied. "Except Sally, and I know where she is."

"Where?" asked Solomon.

"At Miss Brown's."

The words were scarcely spoken before Solomon dashed off eagerly down the road, followed by the whole party.

They broke like an avalanche into the cottage, frightening the cook out of her small share of senses by the violence of their irruption.

"Where are the girls?" cried Solomon.

"'Fore God, I dunno, Mars Sol, dey's about, I spect. Dey jist went out, an' it's 'bout time dey was back for supper."

"Which way did they go, and how long ago?"

"Two or three hours, I reckon. Dey went down the garden, out dat way," pointing in the direction of the glen.

"Gentlemen, this is a bad business," cried Solomon, excitedly. "The Budds have undoubtedly carried off one or both of them. But there was only one in the carriage, and the dress I saw must have belonged to Miss Brown. Now where is the other? We must scour the woods."

Without waiting for another word the eager party broke from the house and ran rapidly down the glen. They arrived at its end, finding no indications of the two missing women, their alarm increasing every moment. It was already too dark to readily distinguish the footprints in the grass where the struggle had occurred. Besides a dozen trampling feet soon obliterated every distinctive trace.

But the quick eyes of Solomon immediately caught a clue to their lost friends, in a small piece of ribbon, that was at once pronounced by Mr. Price, to be his daughter's property.

"The case is jest this," said Solomon, "Nellie Brown has been carried off. Our friend Sally has not, unless it was done on foot, and she would give trouble to any one that would try to take her in that way. She can't be far; so spread yourself before it gets too dark, and search the woods."

Without further words the party separated, beating up the woods in various directions, and spreading out in a rapidly widening semicircle from the place of departure.

Solomon stood a moment before joining in the search, an idea slowly working its way through his brain.

"I wonder now if there's anything in it," he said to himself. "Anyhow it's worth trying. I was blind and deaf when I passed afore."

He started off rapidly in a straight line for the point at which he had heard the sound when driving past. Darkness rapidly deepened as he proceeded, being intensified by the gloomy foliage of the pines. But he was too well accustomed to the woods to let this interfere materially with his progress, and in twenty minutes he had reached as near the point in question as his memory was able to direct him. His keen glances penetrated the darkness on every side, but it was too dense for him to see more than a few feet, and though he was not fifty feet distant from the prostrate form of her of whom he was in search, his quest seemed in vain. He passed within a few feet of her, eagerly examining every inch of ground, yet failed to see her. He even stopped here and called her name at the full stress of his voice, but in vain, there was no answering sound.

Sally, when her courage at last gave way, had sunk into a deep fit of despondency. A feeling of fear and desolation came upon her, which rapidly intensified as the daylight changed to darkness. Her nervous system became strongly excited, and in a paroxysm of dread she leaped to her feet and strove to break the cord which bound her, with a violence that made it cut deep into the flesh of her wrists. In vain, it resisted her utmost efforts.

This feeling was succeeded by one of utter prostration, and she sank on the ground in a state of insensibility, not ten minutes before the arrival of Solomon.

He listened intently for any answer to his call.

"Darned queer," he muttered. "I reckon I'm mistaken. I wouldn't have anything happen to Sally Price for my little finger. No, nor for my right arm. Since I've given up the notion of Nell Brown, somehow or nother I've took a strong fancy to Sally, but whether it's the same kind of fancy or no, is more than I can tell. Where's the girl got to, anyhow? Sally! Sally Price!" And the leafy arches of the wood rang with his sonorous voice, giving him back but echoes in reply.

The darkness was rapidly deepening. He could see nothing now but a faint white line where the lane ran beside him. A sickening feeling came upon him as he thought of her, exposed to this darkness, in what cruel hands, or exposed to what danger, he knew not. But he was beginning to realize that his feeling for her was more than friendship, and that his right arm would not be sufficient sacrifice for her safety. He would give his life to be assured that she was out of danger.

"Durn it all, anyhow," he cried aloud, in his homely phraseology, an ocean of feeling pent up in his heart, striving to express itself in these few words.

Moving back irresolutely, he took a few uncertain steps in the gloom, ending by stumbling over a small log, and falling prostrate on the leaf-strewn ground.

Throwing out his arms involuntarily in his fall, one hand fell on a soft, cold, yielding substance. A thrill went through his heart. It might be a serpent. It might be human flesh. Resolutely reaching out again his fingers clasped a human hand, cold, but quickly warming in his grasp.

With a cry of joy, Solomon sprang to his feet, and stooping, passed his hands rapidly over the prostrate form that lay before him, touching the features of the face with fingers that for the moment gained some of the delicate sensibility of the blind.

"I think it's her," he muttered, his fingers baffled by the handkerchief that bound her mouth.

In an instant he divined its purpose, and quickly untied it, releasing her from her long enforced silence.

Feeling again for the hand, he now discovered what he had not before noticed, that her wrists were tightly bound together, and tied by a long cord to the trunk of a tree. In a moment more she was released from all her bonds, except that deep bond of insensibility that locked up all her senses in its strong grasp.

Solomon's heart became filled to overflowing with pain and dread, as he worked over this insensible form. Dread that this lifelessness might be death; pain, lest she should be forever lost to him. He moaned as he raised her tenderly in his arms and bore her into the road, where a faint light yet fell from the long twilight and from the myriad stars that flecked the sky.

His eyes devoured with loving interest the well-known features of her face. A gush of joy rushed through him as he detected an answering warmth in the hand he strongly clasped. Carried away by the sudden birth of a love of which an hour before he had not dreamed, he bent and pressed his lips, with all the tenderness and warmth of his nature, on the cold brow and the closed lips that lay beneath him.

But as if his kiss had held the magic of Pygmalion's lips, the statue woke to life beneath it. A faint sigh shook the form he held so tenderly in his arms. The color returned to her cheek. She stirred slightly in his grasp. Her eyes slowly opened and looked up into his face with a wondering expression, that quickly became recognition.

"Where am I?" she murmured, in a faint, glad whisper.

"In the arms of one who loves you, and who prays for your love in return."

A look was her only answer, but it was full of love.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Stonington, Conn., has a horned duck.

☞ To relieve a cold in the head—Blow the organ.

☞ Song of the bumble-bee—"Hum, sweet hum."

☞ "Come and Kiss Me," is the name of a small Vicksburg steamboat.

☞ The three stages of Darwinism are now said to be positive, tail; comparative, tailor; superlative, tailless!

☞ We are told by a tourist, that the following sharp lines are written on the sash of a window at Lodore:

"When I see a man's name
Scratched upon the glass,
I know he was a classical,
And his father owns an ass."

☞ They claim to have a girl in Maine, who has been sneezing continuously for more than a week.

☞ The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the quicker will the sands of her life run out.

☞ A soldier, telling his mother of the terrible fire at a battle, was asked by her, why he did not get behind a tree. "Tree!" said he: "there wasn't enough for the officers."

☞ A dandy in Broadway, wishing to be witty, accosted an old man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in."

☞ Desirous of perpetuating in poetic form the fact that the heir to the British throne had been indisposed, the ranking poet of the Chicago Post has experienced the divine afflatus in the herewith verse—

"At Sandringham, the Prince
Of Wales is getting round in-
Firmness; his wife's sis-
ter, Thyra's, got the jaundice."

☞ Having learned that somebody is going to build a hotel in Rhode Island, ninety-two feet long and sixty feet wide, the Louisville Courier Journal expresses its surprise "that the authorities should permit anybody to put the whole state under one roof in that way."

☞ There is a girl in Boston who has been engaged at different times to fifteen men, and calculates that the sum total of all the kisses she received from them would amount to a larger number than there are dollars in the national debt.

☞ A Bangor (Me.) milkman recently left a quart of cold water at a house, but returned soon after with apologies and a little bundle of chalk-dust that he said would make it all right.

☞ A Chicago man possesses the first greenback printed.

☞ The New Orleans Times thinks Geo. Francis Train ought to be sent in search of Dr. Ujiji Livingstone.

☞ White cravats for a gentleman in full dress, are no longer considered *comme il faut*, and black silk, black or brown lace, has been substituted.

☞ At Springfield, a lady sent the following toast; "*Spruce* old bachelors—The *evergreens* of society.

☞ A coroner's jury at La Crosse, Wis., brought in a verdict of "probable murder," when a corpse was found with seven stabs in the back.

☞ Pies of the buffalo killed by the Grand Duke are for sale at enormous prices at a great many restaurants in New York.

☞ An Indiana young lady, attending a private party, excused herself when asked to sing, saying: "You must excuse me, for I never attempt to sing, except to warble a few wild notes for pa at eventide."

☞ A Constantine, Michigan, schoolmaster has been fined fifty dollars for severely whipping a little girl. The depraved child had declined to pick up her shawl, which had fallen from its hook.

☞ A Kalamazoo grocer is the last reported author of the rat and egg story. He swears by all that is good and true, that he has seen a rat lie down on his back with an egg in his paws, wiggle his tail as a sign that all was ready, and then submit to being drawn up stairs by the tail, by two other rats.

☞ Before any young man who is paying attention to a young girl in the West takes the risk of changing his mind, he has to count the cost very carefully. A young lady in Council Bluffs, when informed by her supposed lover that he was going to cease his suit, cow-hided him all about the room, and as he disappeared from the window declared that she would teach him to be careful how he trifled with a gentle and loving heart in future. We shall never cease admiring the spirit of the Great West.

☞ This is what the Boston Traveller said: "The Hartford Post is again snapping at the Traveller. John, hand us that squirt-gun." And this is what the Boston Post said in return: "Now, then, the Boston Traveller is going to have some editorial matter. They've sent 'John' for the editor."

☞ The New York Evening Mail says that to be thin is the latest fashionable feminine ambition. Scrawny necks are all the rage, and young ladies whom nature has not thus blessed paint their rounded shoulders with sepia wrinkles.

☞ It required the aid of one clergyman, several able-bodied relations of the bride, and two revolvers, to solemnize a marriage in Louisville the other day. The bridegroom made his bridal tour alone.

☞ The man who was so economical as to bury his family in a perpendicular position to save land was not a freesoiler.

☞ A boozy individual at a party, on Thursday evening, succeeded in disguising his condition until the apples were brought around. When he saw them his emotion overcame him. "What!" he exclaimed, "apples at this season? Are they ripe?"

☞ Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. There's hope for some of you other ladies, after all.

☞ The fashionable wedding tour for New York couples at this season is said to be a visit to Philadelphia.

☞ A superintendent of police made once an entry in his register, from which the following is an extract:—"The prisoner set upon me and called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scarecrow, ragamuffin and idiot—all of which I certify to be true."

A NOBLE ERROR.

BY EDITH S. JAY,

AUTHOR OF "JEANIE'S THREE BABES," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

Julian Verney's was not the only glance which saw the last of Cecil Kilmurray's career in the 130th. Other eyes stared, grieving and wondering, from the window of Boyle House, watched him depart, and then tried to frown away childish tears, as their owner turned back into the room, and said in a doleful little voice:

"Mamma, Mr. Kilmurray's just gone, and he was to have walked with us to-morrow."

"He'll come back for that, dear child, I should think."

"There was so *much* luggage on the fly."

"Perhaps his father is ill."

"Perhaps," said Dolly, in a melancholy tone, "but he never disappointed me before," she added, illogically.

"I dare say he will write and explain."

At which Dolly brightened; it was almost worth the pain of the disappointment to receive a letter from "*her* officer," as she inwardly called him.

Dolly Ashton was only seventeen, and very pretty; like a wild rose, with a soft, round face, a small, bewitching nose of no particular order, the dearest little red mouth, which had not yet learned to shut quite tight in a worldly-wise manner, the most tender rose color on her cheek, and dark brown hair framing her "flower face" with its glossy waves. But her eyes were her greatest beauty, "wells of light," bright, blue, gray, with long lashes, curled like the ends of vine tendrils—eyes so childishly, boldly innocent, so womanly, sweet, and true—now shy and trusting, now angelically serious, now fearless and gleeful, you could watch them for hours, and never tire.

Dolly was full of childish and maidenly prettiness, and wasted as many dimples, blushes, smiles, and sweet solemn sympathy on asking a poor old woman after her rheumatics, as a more experienced young person would have bestowed on ten average young men.

Cecil Kilmurray had been her first partner at her first ball three months before, and had remained first in her estimation ever since. She thought his haughtiness grand; for it was always protecting, never insulting, his reserve dignified and interesting, his silence pleasant to chatter to, and his friendship for "Mr. Verney" the noblest thing in the world.

It must be owned that Kilmurray had done his best to please her from the first moment of their acquaintance—a thing he had never attempted with any other woman—had sent her flowers, given her singing lessons—he was a good musician—asked her to military dances, and comported himself with great politeness towards her parents, who were not unwilling to encourage the advances of a good-looking, well-born, and apparently irreproachable suitor, much as they would grieve to part with their daughter. They knew he was poor, but Dolly was not very rich, and had never been accustomed to more luxury than he could give her, and then he was so steady, he was a better match than a wealthier but a wilder man. Mr. Ashton had allowed him to join Dolly and himself in their long country walks, and had tried to elicit his opinions on religion, morals, and politics, as a good father should do, from his daughter's possible husband. Mrs. Ashton had watched his languid eyes fire, and his still features grow eloquent, as he talked to Dolly—and Dolly, happy little girl!—unlearned in the false axiom, that "stolen kisses are the sweetest," had basked in the sunshine of their approval and her lover's affection for three long bright months, without a thought of how it might end, conscious only of the happiness that love and her own heart's response gave her; ignorant of the love itself, for no doubt and fears had yet torn the veil from her eyes. If a young girl's first wooer is faithful and kind, and does not fret her with uncertainty, it seldom occurs to her innately to be jealous or doubtful of his affection, any more than she would be of her mother's; it seems just as sacredly yet naturally her own. And this entire, ignorant trust, is perhaps the element which makes first love a thing by itself, though it be more evanescent than later passions—like the first bud of spring, which puts the flowerless time so far off we forget it, the first young carol—the song of tender hope, not the sweeter, later, fuller voice—passionate snatches of joy, lament, memory. Kilmurray had no wish to try his little love by jealousy and doubt. His heart was too tender and reverent of her innocence, so he had kept each appointment as religiously as though it were the one which should make them man and wife, had shown all his love, though it was not his nature to say much in actual *words*, and so had left her ignorant of the fitful withholdings and suspicions of maturer passions. Now, the time had come when he had meant to "speak." Even Dolly had had faint foreshadowings of something awfully solemn and sweet that was coming to her. Had *meant*—and *now*, and *now!*

The morning after Kilmurray's departure, as Dolly was sitting at the window which opened on the little front lawn of Boyle House, she saw Captain Brington (whom, as the former's friend she knew slightly), open the gate, and come slowly up the path, not towards the front door, but towards her. Afterwards, with a force and vividness that did not strike her at the time, but which grew with her own heart, she remembered that scene—that moment.

The lawn, still glistening with dew, the flowers with their velvet heads dancing in the fresh breeze, the twin firs that guarded the gate, stretching straightly up to the blue sky, with a flash of sapphire dew on their dark branches, where the morning sunshine caught them, and Brington's figure coming up rather uncertainly, with a grave, interested countenance, and a note in his hand. Inspired by the usual young man's belief in the incompetency of parents to understand their daughter's love affairs, he rejoiced at the chance which permitted him to deliver Kilmurray's note privately, and after a hurried greeting, a remark on the weather, gave it into her already expectant hand, and bowing with a courtesy that had something of pity in it, went away.

Dolly opened her letter very carefully, forgetting her dismay at Kilmurray's abrupt departure, and sensible of a fond pride in the bold, peculiar writing, read as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS DOLLY" (he had not been able to resist using her Christian name for *once*—for the first and last time.) "I am so very sorry to say that I shall be quite unable to accompany Mr. Ashton and yourself in your walk to-day. Indeed, I am afraid I shall never be able to take any more walks with you, nor see you again, for I have left the 130th, and am going away for good—or for bad I should rather say. I will not tell you how sorry I am, for I don't want to grieve you. There was something else very important I hoped to have spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Ashton about soon; but that is all at an end now, and I can only ask them to forgive me if they will. Read this note to them, except those last words, which I would not write to any other human being but yourself, and which do not—you will not—answer. Oh, *try* and believe me not so guilty as people will tell you I am; and, dear, dear little Miss Dolly, forget and forgive. "CECIL KILMURRAY."

He had tried to write so as not to pain her; but Dolly's instinct of love divined the effort, and his tenderness for her brought the tears to her eyes. She did not feel her own loss very much at first; she only thought of him. He had become so gradually and firmly knit up with her daily life, she did not realize entire severance as *possible*, nor would she do so for a long time. She ran at once, with tears in her lovely eyes, to her mother, and faltered out Kilmurray's words, adding, "Please, mamma, there is a little bit at the end he said was only for me."

And Mrs. Ashton, who believed in Kilmurray's honor and Dolly's conscience, did not ask her to break the trust reposed in her. Mrs. Ashton was by no means the convenient, conventional mother common in love stories, who is either quite jostled out of the way, and pictured as blind, deaf, and dumb to and about the most obvious facts, perfectly stony in heart and worldly in principle. She remembered her own youth very distinctly, and did not laugh at Dolly's love story because it had not received the seal of time and a proposal. She saw that the child did not quite know what had befallen her as yet; and even while she cried over her loss, did not perceive what a blank it would make in her daily life. Anxious, motherly provisions of this, of what the spiteful small world of a country town would say, some indignant wonder, some womanly pity for the unhappy cause of all, oppressed her, as she stroked her daughter's brown head, bent over the letter, and whispered caressing words.

"Dolly, shall I tell papa, or will you?" she inquired at last.

"If *you* would, please, mamma: and ask him not to be angry with Mr. Kilmurray. You see he tries—he tries to make it not so hard for me."

"Yes, he *tries*," said Mrs. Ashton, rather indignantly.

"I don't think I mind it *so very dreadfully*," began Dolly, after some consideration. "At least, not for myself. I don't want to die, as they make young ladies in novels do, when people they love forsake them. And *he's* unhappy too, mamma." And she looked up pleadingly, with the bright tears standing on her flushed cheeks, and her pretty eyebrows pitifully arched.

Mrs. Ashton commiserated Cecil for what he was losing deeply enough at that moment, and murmured sincerely, "Poor fellow!"

"Thank you, mamma," said Dolly. "Now I know you'll speak kindly of him to papa; and I shan't mind so much."

Mrs. Ashton sought her husband, and told him about Dolly's letter. He was perplexed between pity for Kilmurray, whom he really liked, and anger at the position in which the latter's conduct placed Dolly, which *he* naturally regarded more than did his wife.

"It damages a girl so," said he, "backing out so suddenly and mysteriously. If he had only been open and left me some explanation to give the world."

"It is just that mystery makes me think it must be more his misfortune than his fault as if there were some one else mixed up in it," answered his wife. "Perhaps something wrong about one of those horrid bills young men are always backing for each other, and ruining themselves with. Poor fellow!"

"Poor scoundrel!" said Mr. Ashton, angrily. "He might ruin himself twenty times over, for all I care, if he hadn't dragged my Dolly into it. How does she take it?"

"Like a little heroine. She's only distressed because she thinks you will be hard on *him*."

"Of course, I'm angry with the fellow; all the more because I liked him, and thought he was to be trusted. However, I won't tell *her so*. Now, we must manage, think what to do."

And the subject was discussed in all its bearings, the final and wise conclusion being that nothing could be done, except to ask others of the 130th in sometimes, to cheer Dolly, and put her officer out of her head, and to assume a previous knowledge of his abrupt departure. And there the matter remained.

By degrees, however, rumors very like the discreditable truth crept out, and it became a known fact that Mr. Cecil Kilmurray had committed some great crime, and had tried to throw it on Julian Verney; that, failing this, he had been found out, forced to quit the 130th, and disowned by his family; but that it had been hushed up by Colonel Oldham, for the credit of the regiment.

Dolly, of course, heard these rumors, and was grieved and indignant people should "*dare*" say such things of him.

But she did not in the least believe them; under her soft, childish manner there was a strong, firm will, and a loving, faithful heart: and she upheld him still as her true knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Yet to hear that others reproached and calumniated him dulled her spirits, and paled her cheeks; and, besides, she was beginning to feel the dreariness of the spring days without him, to understand that never more would that tall, pliant figure swing lazily up to the window, those sincere, protecting eyes rest on her face, those grave lips smile in their own kind way at her pleasure in his gifts, his few honest compliments.

His friends came—some of them more attractive, far greater adepts in the art of love-making than he—and they looked upon her with a sort of reverent pity; for was not she, poor, pretty little girl, in some degree the victim of "that blackguard Kilmurray?" who got harder measure daily, now he had quite slipped out of their life. And they took pains to please her, for had she not jolly eyes and stunning hair?

But what did Dolly care? What would Dolly have done, if dukes and princes of bluest blood had wooed and sworn to die if she would not have bid them live for her? She would have been grieved, for she was pitiful—more pitiful than she used to be; but she would no longer have blushed, dimpled, cried over their woes—those baby coquettries had vanished with him for whom they had come to full perfection. She would have said, "Thank you; I am very sorry, but indeed I can't;" and have gone away, wondering whether, if her lost lover had been a prince, he could have saved himself and her from this sad separation.

Her watchful mother saw the first sign that the little girl understood her own misfortune, when, one sunny morning, Dolly came to her, and after hanging about her a little while in a languid way, said wearily, with her arms clasped above her head, and her large eyes wide and wistful—

"Mamma, what shall I do?"

"Cannot you draw, dear?" Mrs. Ashton answered, dissembling her sympathy.

"No; I'm tired of drawing."

"Were you not knitting a warm shawl for poor old Mrs. Lewis?"

"It's so hot, now; she won't want it till the autumn."

"Won't you do some worsted work—that pretty cushion?"

"I'm tired of working."

"Go, and sing over some of your songs, then, my love."

"Oh! I don't want to sing," cried Dolly, passionately; and Mrs. Ashton remembered with a pang who had been Dolly's instructor, and had exhibited her attainments with such fond pride not six months before.

"Mamma," said Dolly, after a moment, coming and sitting on the ground at her mother's feet, and kissing her hand penitently, "I'm afraid I'm tired of everything: nothing I do amuses me. I'm very stupid; am not I, mamma?"

"No, indeed, my darling: only not quite well."

"Perhaps it is that! I always feel tired. And yet, if papa wants me to go out with him, though I seem to have the weight of the world upon me all the time, I can walk just as well, and as far as ever, and I'm not a bit sleepy at night."

"Poor little one!"

"I think I should like to be a little ill, do you know, mamma? not enough to be a trouble—but just a little. It would be such a rest," said Dolly, in a yearning tone. "And then I need not get up in the morning; I could lie and watch you working, and I shouldn't see any people. Oh, dear! oh, dear! it would be so nice. And then—" She faltered, and added, in a choking voice, "Perhaps I could cry; my eyes ache so, and yet I can't."

Mrs. Ashton sat silent for a moment, with her hand against Dolly's cheek, then she said, turning up the sad childish face tenderly—

"Poor Mr. Kilmurray!"

"That name, suddenly, pityingly spoken, opened the floodgates of Dolly's tears; for at seventeen tears do not lie deep, and when her mother added—

"Dear child! I daresay he cries, too, in his heart," she rose, and flung herself into her arms, and cried bitterly.

Not long after, Boyle House was "To let for a year," and Dolly was at a seaside village in Wales, with a boy cousin (an old playmate) three years her junior, as her companion in scrambles over the hills, rides on stubborn, shaggy ponies, and fishing excursions, in charge of a steady old sailor; with her mother, an unfailing listener to her gentle words about "poor Mr. Kilmurray," and her sweet, pious resolution to be as good without him as she would have been for him. She was perhaps better.

She grew, and she grew wiser; but not so lovely, so winning. She had still a sunny smile, soft eyes, fair cheeks; but she blushed seldom, smiled calmly, and her eyes no longer danced with that laughing radiance of delight that infected you with her innocent merriment, nor brimmed over at once at your sorrow with tears that made them look like sapphires in the spray of a fountain. To her parents she was often as much a gay child as ever, but not to others. She doubted the world which was so cruel to her lost lover, and spoke bitterly of its harshness for his sake.

Sometimes Mrs. Ashton would hear a sentence fall from Dolly's lips that startled her, and then it would dawn on her that this was one of "poor Mr. Kilmurray's" sarcasms, which Dolly remembered and believed through her love and loss.

Again I must excuse myself for a retrospect of some months.

When Kilmurray was turned from his father's door forever he sought a cheap lodging, sold at once such of his possessions as he did not positively need, and set himself to find any employment of which he was capable, for he had but a small sum for present necessaries in hand.

He did not begin with very extravagant ideas, but he soon found he must lower even such as he had already conceived, and be content with whatever would "keep body and soul together;" not because their union afforded him any great satisfaction at the present moment, but because, at twenty-seven, life has an intrinsic sweetness, though bare of friends, character, success, and love; and (though a man may be willing to throw it away in a sudden frenzy) is not likely to be allowed to slip gradually and painfully from his grasp. So, when, after many weary wanderings and rebuffs, he found some small employment as clerk in a city house of business, he was even grateful to those who took him in without character or security, and resolved to justify their confidence.

The work was heavy, but he did not care, and if, accustomed as he was to a more active existence, his head ached and his appetite failed, he reflected that he should become used to it in time. His fellow clerks were considerably his seniors, sulky and respectable, and thus he was spared one of the worst evils of his degraded state, the remarks of his associates.

As to his inner life, it was a dull ceaseless pain, quickening sometimes into sharper anguish as a thought of his father and sister, of Julian, and Dolly Ashton, came suddenly and vividly before him. It was worst to think of her; she had so reverenced and admired him, had never had *one* ungentle word or look for him. His father had disowned him, his sister had been too readily docile, Julian had forsaken him in his utmost need, but Dolly, little Dolly, whose soft eyes would never look their sweet faith, whose tiny tender hands would never lie in his own more; had she felt, would she act, as they? He could not believe it, and therefore he had gone away without seeing her, lest she should tempt him to involve her in his own misery. He taught himself to say "God bless her," whenever she came into his thoughts, and then to put her sweet image away.

One afternoon, when the opening season made the idle "West-end" bright, and the working city busy, Cecil sat at his desk, with those eternal figures before him, when an odor of "Eau de Luce" and cigars entered the grave dingy place, and was followed by two gentlemen, one, the son of the head of the house, who was supposed to look in often, and *did*, on an average, twice a year, the other his friend, evidently an army man.

Kilmurray disliked the visit, and bent lower over his books, trying to escape notice, but he soon heard what made him start and erect his head involuntarily. Young Spriggs (of Spriggs and Son) was speaking.

"I have to take a squint at this hole sometimes," remarked he to his companion, "and I thought I'd do it now, because the relieving officer, who is awfully good in his vocation, but rather low in his expressions, told me he'd got a fellow as under clerk, who was just as fine a gentleman as any of my friends—a regular swell. *I* believe he's a snob, but I thought I'd have a look."

"Where is he?" inquired his friend.

"I suppose at the other end of this place. Here, Robins," he continued, in a lower tone, to one of the old clerks, "send the new man here. I want to hear how he gets on. How does he?" The old man nodded discontentedly. "He's 'igh and 'aughty," he answered. "But he don't work smiles at the figures. Mr. Spriggs says he shall rise him two shillin' a week after a bit."

"Two shillin' poor devil!" said Spriggs, Jr., affectedly.

"Well, cut away, old slow-coach."

Robins obeyed, muttering, and presently Kilmurray emerged from the dark counting-house, looking extremely "'igh and 'aughty" indeed, and caressing his long moustache with one hand, which his sedentary occupation had made whiter than ever, as he lounged towards them.

"Oh—ah! The gov. got you about three weeks ago, didn't he?" asked Mr. Spriggs, a little awed.

Kilmurray nodded languidly.

"Get on all right, eh?"

"I believe so."

The freezingly careless tone, the intense interest in his own finger nails which suddenly possessed the new clerk, were most irritating to the feelings of Spriggs, Jr.; but he still tried to patronize.

"Isn't it awfully slow work?"

"Rather."

"Only *rather*. What did you do before you came to us?"

A strong desire to fell Spriggs, Jr., to the floor of his "gov's" counting-house beset Mr. Kilmurray, but he restrained it.

"Any question about the business," said he, frowning, "I am perfectly ready to answer. But I can't see you have the slightest right to investigate my affairs, nor will I allow it. I wish you good-morning."

And thus saying, with the air of a prince of the blood royal dismissing an impertinent valet, the clerk turned on his heel, and

went back to his desk, every nerve quivering beneath his calm exterior, with an indignation which was overstrained but perhaps excusable.

Mr. Spriggs looked at his friend with a disconcerted air, and began a growled remark, but the latter took him by the arm silently, and walked him into the street. Then he said gravely—

"Do you know where you've got there?"

"A swell, and no mistake," returned Spriggs, Jr., melancholy but just.

"A fellow of the name of Cis Kilmurray, who was kicked out of the 130th for something he did—forgery or robbery: something so bad his own father cut him at once. The greatest scamp on earth, they say."

"You don't say so! I must tell the governor."

"You had better, I think."

And so Spriggs, Sr., was told, and at once dismissed Kilmurray, with the consolatory information that "gentlemen thieves would never do no good in an honest man's house, that no one would take him without a character or a deposit, and he had better sell his fine coat, and buy a broom to sweep the first crossing he came to."

To all of which the unhappy Cecil listened in silence, growing whiter and whiter, and, when it was done, unable to deny the accusation, went away cursing his wretched life, ready to end it; but for the thought of a dear gentle little girl, in a country town far away from hard, busy London, who, perhaps, thought kindly of him still, and whom his death, dying thus, might shock and grieve. If women did but know from how much evil the remembrance of those womanly qualities, mercy and purity, in themselves, might save their absent brothers and lovers, they would struggle to preserve them more, I think, than they do. Kilmurray's next situation was procured for him by Brington, whom, however, he only met by accident in the street, and from whom he exacted a solemn promise not to mention his position to the Ashtons or Verney. This was the place of secretary to Brington's grandfather, an eccentric old gentleman, who made important business out of the smallest domestic matters, had a small library, which he was always rearranging, and so required a secretary. To him Kilmurray insisted that Brington should recount the cause of his leaving the 130th; but as the latter made out the best case possible for his friend, Sir Adam Brington consented to employ him, perceiving moreover that he could drive his own bargain.

So Kilmurray was installed in his new position, in a dismal country house in Lincolnshire, and found it even harder to endure than the clerk's desk; not that the work was severe, but that Sir Adam was an elderly fidget and bore of the worst order. It did Cis good, however, in one way—it made him more callous, and broke down his pride; for his master made constant allusions to his secretary's misconduct, and his extraordinary benevolence in giving him another chance, and was besides careful in pointing out the gulf which separated employer and employed. Cis answered nothing, for his pride was of the silent order; but suffered much, and hated Sir Adam very cordially. And that which even the confinement of the city counting-house had failed to do, came about under the fretting of Sir Adam's doting old tongue, of his ceaseless restrictions, aided perhaps by the damp air of Marshwick, and the mouldy atmosphere of the ancient library, where Cecil worked, read, took his meals, and in a small closet off which he slept.

He lost flesh, spirits, strength, visibly; his nerves (of whose very existence he had once been unconscious) quivered at every sudden sound, most of all at Sir Adam's grating voice, and his old cool sarcasm of reply was exchanged for vain anger, or stammered deprecation. He could not sleep, or, when he did, his dreams repeated waking discomforts, or the past avowal which had brought him to this. He could not eat, for he had no exercise, though a dozen horses were eating their heads off in the stable, and the head groom, who pitied the haggard-faced secretary, suggested that he should have a mount now and then. Sir Adam negatived the notion with a growled "Set a beggar on horseback," and it could not be broached again. Poor Cecil! his hand trembled, his head swam as he wrote, and when his employer threatened dismissal, his heart fluttered fiercely between terror and a wild sense of relief.

At last Brington came down for a day or two, and was shocked at the change in him.

"My dear old fellow!" he cried, when he dragged him out for a ride, in spite of Sir Adam's peevish opposition. "You look like your own ghost. What ails you? Don't you get on here?"

"I do the best I can," said Kilmurray, with a faint smile. "But I've got to be an awful fool lately; everything frightens me, somehow, and then I put your grandfather out of patience."

"He's a crotchety old beggar, I know; but he's kind enough to me, and he ought to be to my friend. Besides, *he* couldn't make you look so seedy as you do unless—I say," added Brington rather anxiously, "he doesn't throw *the* affair in your teeth, does he?"

Kilmurray dropped his head on his breast. "Sometimes," he answered, almost inaudibly.

"I'll give him a rowing—the old sinner!"

"No don't—I shall get accustomed to it."

"But it is such a shame!"

"Brington!" said the other excitedly. "I know what I was doing when I brought all this on myself. I did it deliberately, and I don't grumble at the consequences. I know—"

"Then, *by Jove!* I wonder anything on earth could make you do it," exclaimed Brington, emphatically.

"How is Verney?" asked Cecil, with abrupt interest.

"All right; awfully spoony and happy, got his step, and going to marry your sister soon, and your governor likes him immensely. I won't congratulate the little beggar, though; I hate him."

"I'm awfully glad I did that thing, Brington," said Cis, in a strange, quiet voice.

Brington stared at him, but could find no exclamation more appropriate than his favorite appeal to a heathen deity.

"By Jove!"

He did speak to his grandfather, but with little effect; during his visit, indeed, Sir Adam treated Kilmurray with more consideration; but he soon relapsed into his old habits, and fidgeted as before.

At length, one dull, close August day, late in the month, Sir Adam came suddenly into the library, where his secretary was sitting.

"Where's the Shakspeare in vellum?" asked he angrily, after looking round the bookshelves.

"In its place I suppose, sir," answered Kilmurray, getting up to seek it.

"It is not. You know it is not. What have you done with it?"

"I haven't had it."

"What the deuce do you mean by contradicting me? Where is it, I say?"

"I don't know. I haven't had it, sir," repeated the secretary, wearily.

"You have—you're telling me a lie—you have got it hidden in your bedroom, to sell it. I was wrong ever to take you, though I did it for charity. I always knew you were a thief, and I know now you're a liar. Bring it me, or—"

Kilmurray lifted his head suddenly; he was very white, and trembled violently, but he spoke with dignity, and awed the old man, who stood shaking with rage before him.

"I am not a liar, as far as concerns you. As to the other, your grandson told you all. You took me out of charity, knowing it, and I tried to do my duty, though you treated me worse than a dog. But I can't stand it any longer. I don't believe I shall live long, and though I'm more than willing to die, I don't wish to die in this wretched chilling place. I can but starve and be free elsewhere. I shall go to-night at once."

He ceased, and sank exhausted on a chair. Sir Adam, after some furious mutterings, departed, and sent the servants to expedite the secretary's exodus; which they did in a spirit far different to his own, forcing refreshments on Kilmurray, and insisting that he should go to the station in the gig which was used for their own excursions to the market town.

"I can't tip you, my good fellows," he said, as he parted from them, "because I have barely enough money to take me to town. But I thank you all the same, and I'll tell Captain Brington," and so he went on his way.

Things got worse and worse with him; in vain he sought employment, for no one would take him—characterless, seedy in his dress, and yet too evidently a gentleman. At last, in despair, he told his story right and left, and by a strange chance touched the heart of an old bookseller, who needed a shopman. So, with many warnings, he was installed in his place, proving more willing than efficient, and being loathed by the other assistants, because he could not help being a gentleman, and looking one. Flighty female customers would inquire of fatherly old Valence who *was* that distinguished looking man, and on being told he was "a gentleman what had met with misfortunes," were interested, and rushed to Cecil's counter (much to his dismay) in preference to any of the others.

He hated it, but he could not be rude, and only begged his master to let him carry parcels about rather than serve customers. So behold the last scion of the Kilmurrays trudging burdened from house to house, thankful if a seat were offered him in the hall while his packages were being inspected, astonished if a glass of "that cheap sherry" were sent out to him, because the young ladies, going up from dinner, said to papa he looked so white and thin.

His health, however, improved, and he became rather more hopeful. He had written to Brington, thanking him warmly, but saying he never meant to trouble even his one faithful friend again, and had given no address.

So things went on in a quiet, dreary round until, one afternoon, he was sent with some books to a house in —— Square. It was a cold evening, and he was asked by the butler to sit down in a small study on the ground floor.

Left alone, he ventured to turn over some books which lay on the table, and suddenly his cheek flushed and his eye lightened: for among them was a little shabby volume of poems he had seen Dolly Ashton reading in the old days. (It chanced she knew the daughters of the house, and had lent it to them.) He recognized in an instant every stain on the blue cover, every pencil-mark on the leaves, her name scribbled in the beginning, and like a thirsty man who comes suddenly on a fountain of living waters, he kissed the priceless thing passionately a hundred times, and, scarcely knowing what he did, thrust it into his breast. "Was she *here?* was she—"

"Thief!" cried a loud strident voice, and two heavy hands dropped like an iron vice on Cecil's shoulders. Dizzy, maddened by the bitter contrast of past and present, though unconscious of the pain, he tried to turn, to release and defend himself; but the master of the house, who had discovered him, cried, "Police! John! Here, you fellows, get a constable!" and the servants came rushing in.

They mastered him, and stood round, staring; and he, pale and rigid as a corpse, stared back again, vacantly; but when one of them remarked that the police would be here in an instant, as the station was only two streets off, it startled him into consciousness and desperation. His arms were pinioned but loosely now; he freed them by a sudden effort, broke through the gaping circle, and was out into the street before they were quite convinced he was gone. Once there, he fled for very life, distancing his pursuers, though his heart beat till it almost burst his breast, and his throat seemed on fire. On, through the crowded thoroughfares, through empty, quiet streets, into a low quarter, where "Stop thief!" was not an unfrequent cry, and where way was made for him sympathetically. At last he could run no further, but turned down a blind alley, and sank in a heap on the ground behind an angle of the wall, livid, panting, staring round piteously, with glassy eyes, and hands clenched on his chest to still the great steam engine throbs that almost choked him. And still, in that horrible moment, when he thought every sound the approach of a foe, Dolly was in his mind, Dolly's small hand on his arm, and her bright, tender face looking up pityingly in his, as it had done when they ran home together in a shower of rain, and he pretended breathlessness to make her sympathize with him.

By degrees, breath, sense, reality returned, and with them an overmastering resolution. To see her *once* more—not to speak to her, nor let her know of his presence; say a silent farewell to his heart's darling. No, not his—another man's—Brington's, perhaps, by this time—and then end his misery—die. He would go to the sea, somewhere, and drown himself there, that his body might not be washed ashore to grieve her.

It was very wrong, very wicked: but he was maddened and despairing. He had tried the mercy of men, and found it a cruel thing, and now he would try the mercy of God—the God to whom Dolly said her little prayers.

So he rose, found he had a little money in his pocket, went, now it was dark, by side streets, cautiously, to the station (which he knew well), procured a third-class ticket, and was whirled down to Burnley, the little town where the 130th were quartered.

What a return it was! But he did not pause to mourn over that: he pulled his hat over his brows, and, with his head down, hurried through the wet, quiet streets, to his object. Soon he was standing in the shadow of one of the tall firs, as he used to stand, half laughing at his own romantic folly, to watch Dolly's window, with the canary's cage hanging in it, and the mignonette and geraniums on its sill. He glanced back at the barracks; they were buried in darkness, silent—perhaps there was a dance somewhere, and all the fellows were at it. Then he heard music from the house he was watching, and knew it was there; and his heart ached, for he thought she was enjoying herself, quite happy and forgetful, while he stood outside—wretched, hunted, dying—for he meant to die—but faithful still. He recollected how pleased she had been (as all women are) when he told her of his vigils; her shy, happy blush, her faltered, "how silly; but how nice!" and he groaned with unendurable pain.

It was raining fast, and the branches dripped on his head, drenching his clothes, which were very threadbare now, the bitter wind pierced them, and made him shiver, sharp pains shot through his limbs, and seemed to clutch his chest with red-hot fingers, but he did not heed them. He was back in the past, forgetful of cold, and hunger, and disgrace—the fear of men, and the doubt of God: in the sunny past that, Heaven help him! she thought of no longer.

One day he remembered above all—he had ridden out from the barracks on a friend's horse. He saw himself, gay, haughty, happy, proud of his mount, and conscious that it showed the rider to advantage—a rider who then carried his head high, as a man might do on whom the shadow of blame had never fallen, who was going to see his love, and be seen by her. He had some rare roses in his hand for her—he could smell them now in the damp deathly autumn air—no king was ever so happy, bringing diamonds to crown his queen, as he to give Dolly his flowers. Well, he had ridden to the gate, tied his horse there, and waited to see Dolly at her window, and presently, as if by intuition, she had run out into the sunshine, with her brown hair waving behind her, and her eyes and lips shyly alight. Then he had come forward, had offered his gift, and she had taken it gladly, and they had a little talk—half-laughing, half-serious; which ended in his saying, "Then you *will* think me true?" And she, gravely, as if it were a vow, had answered, "I will *always* believe in you." Then he had galloped off—so light at heart. And all the hope, and joy, and fearlessness had come to *this*.

He began to wonder how long he should stand here, when, the rain ceasing, a couple came out on the low balcony—(which was imprudent, for it was wet, but then they were lovers.)

The forlorn shuddering figure outside drew into deeper shadow; but they were not thinking of him—not, at least, as he was now.

"Dearest Julian," said the girl, "I wonder what has become of poor Cis?"

There was a sudden movement in the fir branches.

"Cis?" responded Verney, with effort. "Oh, I dare say he's fallen on his legs. He's a fellow who would get on anywhere—can stand alone."

"Not like you," said Blanche Kilmurray, tenderly.

"No; I want such a darling as you to help me to be good."

"Poor Cecil was good till he did that thing."

"Why do you talk of him so much to-night, my angel?"

"I don't know. Dear boy, why should not I?"

"You must try and forget him; you know, love, you only distress yourself, and you can't do him any good. He's no credit to the family." He spoke in a hard tone, and Blanche sighed.

"Oh, Julian, don't be so unkind. I'm sure he loved you."

"He lorded it over me, and bullied me about trifles, sometimes," said Verney, boyishly.

"What trifles?"

"Debts—and—other things. They're all paid now. I'm going to be a good boy and have my sugar plum." And he bent his head fondly over the slender hand that lay on his arm.

"Then you think I *ought* to try and forget Cis?"

"By all means, my sweetest—*I* shall, I know!"

"So will I, then. Julian, do you think that Miss Ashton remembers—cares still?"

"Of course not. She is not such a fool."

They re-entered the lighted room, and from under the wet fir-branches, the black, threatening clouds came a low moan, like the voice of one wounded to death.

"My last hope. She, too! Oh, Dolly!"

The balcony was not long vacant; a moment, and then a lady, alone, came out, leant her arms on the rail, and looked up at the gloomy sky. A lady with a slight figure, a gentle mouth, and large wistful eyes, who had been a good little hostess all the evening; but was sick and weary at heart now—Dolly Ashton.

Kilmurray made a passionate movement to rush to her; but he repressed it, and whispered "God forgive me!" under his breath. He stood like a statue by the gate; but he prayed with all the bitter strength of his despair for a word, a sign to tell him she had not forgotten so soon as they said."

"Oh, God, hear me!" he murmured, "save me! I will not die if she has *one* thought of pity. I will try and live to thee. Mercy! pity!"

And suddenly, as if in answer to that agonized petition, caught by his strained senses in spite of the music, the laughter within, the wind, the dripping of the leaves without, came a voice—Dolly's voice.

"*He* used to stand there," it said, with tenderest emphasis. "Oh, my Cecil, I *do* believe in you," and a little hand wafted towards the gate a long, loving kiss.

"Thank God!" said Kilmurray, the tears running down his cheeks, and sobbed aloud like a child.

Dolly heard, but her heart was too full of absorbing emotions for the sound to frighten her. She was kind, and charitable, and now said, gently—

"Who is there—what is the matter?"

Cecil's presence of mind came back to him: if he went away directly, she might suspect, so, muffling his voice (it was changed already, by weakness, he knew,) he answered, indistinctly.

"I have no home to go to."

"I am so sorry . . . And such a dreadful night! Please wait." She passed through the dancing-room, ran up stairs, and found her purse, with a few shillings in it. Even the beggar who stood where *he* used to stand should not want. She came down, opened the door, and going out fearlessly over the wet gravel, called, "Here is something for you to get a lodging—and if you come here to-morrow morning, perhaps mamma may be'p you in some way."

He ventured a little towards her, for it was too dark to see each other's faces, and held out his hand. His heart seemed to gather itself up in one great throb, and then stand still as her fingers touched his in giving him the purse: hers, warm, round, tender—his, gaunt and livid like a dying man's; and in the darkness the blood rushed to his face. So near, and yet such a gulf between.

"Poor man!" said Dolly, gently; "how you tremble; you are ill; go and try to get warm. Good-night."

"God in Heaven bless you," muttered the outcast, hurrying faintly away, and Dolly returned slowly to the house and the dance, and thought—(was it quite a heathen thought?) that she had done a little sacrifice for her poor Cecil's sake, and prayed God to accept it, and care for him.

Poor Cecil—most miserable Cecil! he rushed wildly away, lest the sweet temptation should prove too awful—to make himself known to her. She was so pitying to a stranger; what would she be to him? Yet ever as he went on, gasping, stumbling wearily, racked with pain, afraid to death of the world and the law, he looked up at the dark, quiet sky, where a few stars peeped out from the clouds, and cried and moaned a bitter promise.

"I *will* live, I will try—I will not curse God, who made Dolly."

The struggle of his late life, the agony of mind, shame, fatigue, terror, mastered him at least. He reached the station, and he reached London, indeed; but cold as marble, and insensible to his misery. He was taken to the nearest hospital, and there they said he must die.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ It is reported that the plants growing near battle-fields appear to be poisoned, first wilting and then dying. It is accounted for by the supposition that sulphurous acid is formed by the combination of the gunpowder with the oxygen of the air, resulting in a deadly poison to any organism.

☞ "Sir," said to me an irate little gentleman, of about four feet eleven inches, "I would have you know, sir, that I have been well brought up."

I looked down on him.

"Possibly," I said, "but you haven't been brought up *far*."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The International Copyright Question Considered. By H. C. Carey. Published by H. C. Baird, 406 Walnut St., Phila. We have not the time for an extended criticism of this pamphlet. Two points however we can scarcely avoid touching. Mr. Carey seems to consider that authors have no right to the productions of their brains, because those productions are compounded more or less of other men's ideas. The same mode of reasoning, it seems to us, would prove that no man has a right to own anything. The earth, and all that is upon it, was given, as we all believe, by the Creator, for the support and benefit of the race. The landholder did not make the land—why then has he any special right to own it? And when the farmer grows his grain, he does not originate a single atom. According therefore to Mr. Carey, the law should not recognize any special right of property either in land or grain—or, in fact, in anything. But Mr. Carey is so entirely wrong, that there really is more of his individual self in every eminent author's and inventor's productions, than in any mere material production whatever. His argument, if carried out, would therefore lead to the most sweeping Communism. And if an International Copyright cannot be refused on better grounds than this, it cannot, in our opinion, be refused at all.

Again, as to the rewards of authorship, Mr. Carey's position seems to be equally untenable. Certainly the intellectual ability required to write a good novel, history, or poem, is entitled to be rated as highly as that which is required to carry on a retail or wholesale store, a banking firm, or a manufacturing establishment. And yet how do the financial rewards compare? Dickens was a very successful author—he was one in a generation almost—and yet he only made his thousands where successful store-keepers, bankers and manufacturers make their millions. If a successful merchant or manufacturer—a man often not over-gifted with brains either—should be able to make his tens of millions, why should not a successful author also?

Mr. Carey can point to ten or twenty first-class authors, who are making their tens of thousands. We can point to hundreds of towns and cities, with their hundreds and thousands of men possessing not one-tenth the ability of these authors, who are making their hundreds of thousands and their millions. This latter of course is all right, it would seem, in Mr. Carey's opinion. It is only the greedy authors whose ravenous maw bids fair to swallow up all the good things of the land!

The truth is that there are few classes of men, who do so much for the world, and are so poorly paid as authors. Mr. Carey ridicules the value of the novelist in one breath, and then justifies the appropriation of the result of his labors—on the ground of its importance to society—in the next. George Eliot's works, being novels, are worth but little—and it is outrageous she should force the people to pay such a high price for them. But the people are not compelled to buy her novels, any more than to go and see the last great danseuse fling up her heels at a thousand dollars a night. And they will not buy them, if she asks more than they think the novels are worth.

We repudiate utterly the notion that an author, any more than a manufacturer of iron, is *bound* to be "soft-hearted" and charitable—and that, if he is not so, the law ought to interfere to make him so. But how are writers to be charitable, if they have nothing to be charitable with? Suppose we were to find fault with the price of iron, on the plea that the iron masters were rich, and that it was their duty to be charitable, and to furnish the people with such a necessary article of use as iron, even if they did not make a cent themselves? Would not this be open to the charge of being soft-headed as well as "soft-hearted?" For our part, we have no great admiration of that kind of charity which does its deeds of mercy at other people's expense. If an author like Mr. Carey thinks it his duty to sell his works at their bare cost, in order to benefit mankind, it adds greatly to our admiration of him; but we should oppose to the uttermost any law compelling Mr. Carey to sell his works at cost, for the benefit of poor, misguided humanity. We do not believe in the necessity of enlightening men, to that extent, that we should feel it a duty to steal their school-books for them.

In these remarks, which have spun themselves out to a greater length than we at first intended, we do not mean to take ground for or against an International Copyright law. We have an idea that there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question—and that we should like to see exactly what the proposed Law is, before we take our position on one side or the other. But that authors both have a solid right to the productions of their brains, and that they are, as a rule, miserably and disgracefully underpaid, we have no doubt whatever.

Eastern Side; or, Missionary Life in Siam. By Mrs. F. R. Feudge. Published by the Bible and Publication Society, 530 Arch street, Philada. This account of life in Siam, by our well known contributor, Mrs. Fannie R. Feudge, is well worth the reading. The character of the people, and of the country, the spread of Christianity, the different Oriental customs and usages, etc., are all described in a way which shows the writer to have had ample opportunity for seeing and studying them herself.

Caroline of Brunswick; or, The "Third Series" of the "Mysteries of the Court of London." By George W. M. Reynolds. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

Annual Descriptive Catalogue of Choice and Select Flower, Vegetable and Agricultural Seeds for sale by James Fleming, Successor of Henderson & Fleming, Seed Merchant and Grower, 67 Nassau street, N. Y. A richly colored plate, representing a bouquet of *Phlox Drummondii*, appears as frontispiece to this annual.

Love in High Life. By T. S. Arthur. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

The Chronicles of Gotham. By the Author of "The New Gospel of Peace." Book Second. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York. This is quite a witty and amusing record of various political and other matters which have taken place during the last ten years in the great city of Gotham.

The Aldine for February. Published by James Sutton & Co., 25 Liberty street, New York city. Subscriptions received by Edward A. Heintz, 816 Walnut street, Philada. Some of the finest illustrations in this country are those which appear from month to month in the Aldine. The literary matter is also quite good.

Old and New for February. This is in truth a Washington number. "Unpublished Writings of Washington," "Washington the General," "Washington's Agricultural Letters," and two or three other essays upon the famous Virginian, will be read with a great deal of interest by everybody. "The Vicar's Daughter," by George MacDonald, is continued, also "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other." The number also contains some good poems. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. American Edition. Contains a good paper upon "French Home Life," "The Nine Hours Movement," "The Haunted Enghenio," "The Desolation of Jerusalem," etc., etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

The Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1872. By S. R. Wells. Published by Samuel R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York city.

THE MILLERS.

The following lines, by Mrs. Joaquin Miller, recently read before a large audience, shows that this lady is a good deal of a poet, as well as her husband.

TO A POET.

Blue and gold—exquisite!
Gilt edged and softly-tinted!
Read the Reviews! "Genius
Palpable, hidden and hinted."

But I look in vain for my hero,
False hearts and treacherous wiles
Come out, like "La Mode" of the fashion,
Dressed in new spring styles.
Oh, Poet, sing of my hero
In cadences and strophes and chimes,
Or, by the soul of the Muses,
You die in spite of rhymes!
Let your song be sudden and plaintive,
Fearless and faltering not;
Like the mystical cry of the panther
That answers the hunter's shot,
Let your numbers be fierce, but subtle,
Till into my soul they creep
Like lost and roaming echoes
And I listen, and wildly weep!

No more of the passions of men;
Of their fabulous vows of love;
Sound us no note of despair—
No wail of a matchless dove—
For doves will wail for themselves,
And men will do their mourning;
But the hills and the rocks speak not,
Neither in pride or scorning!
Men are fickle and false,
And women grow old and cold,
But a cloud will always blush,
When dipped in the sunset's gold.

No more in volumes olden
Culling and conning all day,
Take your winged steed to yon mountain,
And loosen him there to play;
Oh, mountain, rise up for my Poet
And show him your grandest peaks;
Let your bird from the brown cliffs call him,
While she cries and wildly shrieks.

Let him sing of the ranchero hero
Who lingered around your base,
When man, in spacious freedom,
Longed for the camp and the chase!
Sing of the lengthened pack trains
That wound through thy solitudes—
Of their song that never echoed
In the wilderness of other woods.

Up high to the rounded summit
A still white cover is spread,
And a frozen cloud hangs over
Still and stark as the dead:
Oh you point the tree hands over
And crouch from the tyrannous wind,
Till he rights to the valley repentful,
And wails, "I pervail, I pained!"
In the depths a stillness is waiting—
A slumberous stillness that dies
The air with a dull oppression,
And the heart with icy thrills.

Sing of a weary miner,
Who long, long years ago
Traversed these lonesome gulches
And climbed to a summit of snow:
In the dead and lonesome silence
He lighted his red camp-fire,
And it warmed the heart of the forest,
Reaching higher and higher,
And the gray sire of the mountain
Comes forth like a scenic show,
With a group of pantomime shadows
Wandering to and fro;

And the sound of the sea came to him
Like thunders of distant cars;
The brook leaps up from the canyon
And catches the listless stars;
The camp-fire simmers beside him
In a rapture with the cricket's drone;
His meat is crisped on the embers,
And he drinks his tea alone.
A ghastly skull of the red man
Shines out from the fern leaves there;
Alas, and alas, poor miner,
Twice own is as smooth and bare!
The scalp blade reaps at the pine boughs
That quiver and weave and fall,
And his shadow leaps over the dead logs,
Lengthened and crooked and tall.
From the wild and gloomy forest
Came the cry of a lonesome owl;
From the dark ravine up-breaking
The threat of a savage growl;
But his rifle stands by the fir tree—
In his belt a knife and brace;
So he dreamily looks in the camp-fire,
And a smile plays over his face,
Down in the gulch he has sifted
Some sand that is fine and black—
There is gold lying under the boulder
And under the river's track.

Now down on the side of the mountain
He strays in rambling quest
Of a level nook by a fir tree
To spread his lonely rest.
In dreams sweet visions come to him
More bright than the gold below,
For he dreams that the woman is true
Who was false long years ago;
He hears her loving voice,
And they pledge their vows anew,
And hand in hand the dreamland
They wander through and through.

O, Poet, sing of my hero;
He is weary and homeless and old,
And he sleeps by his dying camp-fire,
Dreaming of Love and gold.
In his wild woods a shrill note echoes,
And a dead leaf drops from the stern,
And a shadow stirs under the fir tree—
Go, sing thou in numbers of them.
Portland.

A correspondent at Vienna writes:—I always calculate the number of strangers by the number of brides which cross one's path. Your female readers will ask how I know a bride when I see one. But I reply, my dear ladies, I can tell in an instant—and, so to say, with half an eye—any travelling "young married woman." I have no need to look at the luggage, which is new; nor at the husband, who looks as if he is not quite sure that he has not been hasty; nor even at the dress. No. A bride walks into a room as a thing apart. Brides are divided into two classes—the serious and the smiling. The first enters with a queenly step, and seems to say, "Don't look at me. Don't you see I'm married, and that those days are over?" The other comes up smiling, as much as to say, "I've landed him. Is it not good fun?"

The Omaha Republican says the following story is vouched for by the soldier who was detailed to act as the Grand Duke Alexis's orderly during the grand buffalo hunt at Red Willow Creek: "The first buffalo met by the party was an aged veteran, and by unanimous consent the struggle with the old fellow was given to the Duke. He rode confidently forward, and discharged a few shots at the old bull without fatal effect, whereupon the animal turned and made fight. Alexis threw away his gun, and jumped from his horse. As the buffalo approached him, he drew his short sword and plunged it into the animal's side, killing him instantly. Just before he made the fatal stroke, he exclaimed, 'How dare you attack a Russian Prince?'"

☞ Saxe is becoming personal. Stopping recently at a hotel and demanding victuals, they brought him that which they called beefsteak, but which Saxe said was something that appeared to be "an infringement on Goodyear's India rubber patent."

☞ A man died at a New York hospital, the other day, whose blood was so mixed with drink that the heart, in being taken out for a post-mortem examination, smelled as though steeped in alcohol.

☞ An unambitious gentleman by the name of George Richardson, wine merchant, of Salisbury, England, has been fined one hundred pounds by the local magistrates for refusing to serve the office of mayor, to which he was elected on the 9th of November last. Mr. Richardson would never do for an American mayor.

Beauty's Best Auxiliary.

Ask the belle of the season what appointment of her toilet-table holds the highest place in her esteem, and she will reply, without a moment's reflection, Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Nothing, she is thoroughly aware, contributes so powerfully to enhance her charms and render her irresistible as that most delightful and healthful auxiliary of Beauty. By using it ladies are enabled, long after they have passed the meridian of life, to preserve the youthful bloom and purity of their complexions, and where Nature has denied that superlative attraction, the Balm fully compensates for her deficiencies.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of The Lady's Friend have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of The Lady's Friend are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, The Lady's Friend aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being its Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($1.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, The Saturday Evening Post—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
apr22-tf 87 Maiden Lane, New York.

Sinking Slowly.

Diseases that progress rapidly to a crisis are not the only ones to be dreaded. Canker or dry rot does not blast a tree as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, but unless arrested it destroys it as certainly and in like manner chronic debility, although it does not kill with the swiftness of yellow fever, is as sure to sap the springs of life eventually as any acute disease, if not checked by invigorating medication. There is something inexpressibly touching in the spectacle of premature decay. Languor, pallor, emaciation, depression of spirits, and a distaste for exertion, are its ordinary symptoms, and they should be promptly met by tonic treatment. The best invigorant and exhilirant that can be administered in a case of this kind is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The stimulating principle of this preparation rouses the dormant energies of the system, and the strengthening and regulating properties give a permanent and healthful impulse to the vital forces thus brought into play. The failing appetite is reawakened, the process of digestion and assimilation are quickened, the quality of the blood is improved, the secretions become more natural, and every organ that contributes to the nourishment of the body undergoes salutary change. By these means the repair of the physical structure is effected and its health and vigor restored. In no class of diseases has the beneficent operation of the Bitters been more marked and striking than in those characterized by general debility and nervous prostration. Ladies affected by these ailments find in this most wholesome of all tonics and correctives the safest and surest means of relief. It is strong to restore and powerless to injure. Such is the uniform testimony of "clouds of witnesses." feb3-1m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his **"Family Physician"** 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may.2-1y

Burnett's Kalliston cures *chapped hands* and all unpleasant conditions of the skin.

☞ "Say, Jones, what's the matter with your eye?" "Oh! nothin', only my wife said this morning you'd better get up and light the fire, and I told her to make it herself, that's all."

☞ At a recent spiritual circle, the spirits being asked if sickness was known in the other world, promptly rapped in reply, "Cholera-in-phantom."

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50.

One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

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☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ The Chicago Post claims to have on its editorial staff a lady of extraordinary abilities. The editor says he "never knew any one who could write with equal ease upon so singular a range of topics with information so exact in detail." Whereupon an envious contemporary asks the Post why it never publishes any of her articles.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1872.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still on hand back numbers to the first of the year, containing the early chapters of "The Swamp Outlaws," &c.

"THE SWAMP OUTLAWS."

The large reward of $35,000 offered by the Legislature of North Carolina for the arrest of the Lowrey gang of outlaws, will serve to show our readers that Mr. Morris in his interesting story, now being published in THE POST, has had an eye to real life and its wonderful incidents. That such a gang should be able to exist in any state of the Union, and to carry on its criminal doings until it becomes necessary for the Legislature itself to interfere, is what many readers in this part of the Union could hardly credit. But if the Lowrey (or Budd) outlaws are able to resist the influence of this reward of $35,000, the people of North Carolina care rather less for money than mankind generally.

A PITEOUS CASE.

A correspondent sends us the following, and says: "Jennie bantered me to send you this, after our laugh at the woman."

THE VERY LATEST ARRIVAL.—A stout Irish woman, professing to be the mother of the boy that "Sot She-ker-gy on fire, and' was drive out in the cowld worrld to sake a livin' for seven small childer an' a wee infant suckin' baby at the breast, an' me husband dead two years an' more. Arrah worrah! arrah worrah!"

THIERS IN THE ASSEMBLY.

A Paris correspondent, describing the oratory of M. Thiers, says: "Before beginning and while delivering a speech, M. Thiers drinks Burgundy as openly as Pitt used to drink port. A sip is taken from the red tumbler; then a sip is taken from the white; then, in due historic order, the black-edged handkerchief is made to do its work; finally, when all these little tricks of manner have been gone through, a somewhat feeble but clear voice speaks out with rapid utterance and beautiful articulation. Soon the voice strengthens, until, at times, a sentence will ring through the Assembly. The gestures grow more animated, epigrams are shot forth, like stones from a catapult, and loud cheers and approving laughter stop the orator now and then, enabling him to take breath, a new sip of wine, and a fresh rub of the handkerchief."

To Laura C—— of Cincinnati.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MINNIE MAY.

My very dear Laura, come lend me a moment,
Come list to the secret I've cherished so long.
Do you remember the day in the "Archbishop's" parlor,
When your pretty lips parted to give me a song?
How the sombre old "Sisters" insisted on coming
Every now and again to see how we got on?
Do you know I thought every time that they did so,
How much better we'd do if they'd let us alone?

Do you remember the message I brought from your mother
Whom I never had seen in all my born days?
Do you remember the laugh you tried hard to smother
When I told you old Rover had died at his plays?
Did "Notre Mere" ever guess what a escapegrace I was,
Coming into the convent like a thief in the night?
Did the dear lady guess that I wasn't your cousin,
But a lover who loved you with all his strong might?

Ever since that day, dear, you've pulled at my heart strings,
As day after day I have basked in your smile,
For "Notre Mere" the "Sisters" and the sombre old convent
Are back in the past, many, many a mile.
Ever since that day, dear, you've flirted extremely,
Be serious now, darling, answer me true,
Suspense is oppressive, so when shall it be, dear,
"Hot cakes and coffee and dessert for two?"

MARRIAGE.

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well assorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to the brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheek. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward Heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my overvehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it; each thinks the other just like itself.

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey, these two young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get out of the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by-and-by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her, that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally; now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen it, and then a long winter to mellow and season it. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble and woman, is one of the things so very handsome that, if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes on such a spectacle.—*Theodore Parker.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilizes the land with its copious stream, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills. So, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an Atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and caused me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

AN APPRECIATIVE INFANT.

A young lady writes us as follows:—

"DEAR POST—I want to tell you about my cousin, Little Blue Eyes. He is just past two years old, and can talk almost as plainly as any one. Of course he is the cutest little fellow you ever heard of. One day his Aunt Rebecca (who is not much of a singer) took little Blue Eyes in her lap to rock him to sleep, and as she rocked she sang (?). Blue Eyes lay very still, pretending to be asleep, till the song was finished, when the little curly head jumped up, wide awake as any body, and exclaimed, to the great amusement of the whole household, 'Laugh again, Becky!'

"There! I think that's right smart, for a two-year-old. DOLORES."

"NO. 117."

A good thing at a recent fair in this city was the art gallery, and the best of the art gallery was No. 117. This mysterious number caused a good deal of fun. The young lady attendant was well suited for her position, keenly enjoying a joke. During the fair, while she was alone with the works of art, a young gentleman sauntered in, inspected the exhibition of talent, laughed at the puns, and was about to retire, when the lady said, "Oh! you have not seen 117." The young fellow looked at his programme: "117— One sweet kiss before we part." He blushed, gave a hesitating step towards the door, and again looked at the lady. She piteously continued: "That is my duty to show you; that is why I am here." The color grew deeper on the poor fellow's face. He looked as though his faith in woman's modesty had received a death-stroke; as though men were downtrodden and oppressed. The lady advanced toward him, took his hand and laid in it the biggest *sugar* kiss that you can buy at the confectioner's. With a sigh of relief, and a guilty, confused look at his own thought, the modest young man burst into a laugh, and confessed it was the best joke of the fair.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.—The following prayer, almost synonymous both in sentiment and expression with our "Now I lay me," is universally taught to little children in Scotland:

"This night, when I lie down to sleep,
I gi'e my soul to Christ to keep;
I wake a'noo, I wake a'never,
I gi'e my soul to Christ forever."

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—

"She sailed through the air
With the greatest of ease—
That graceful young girl—
On the flying trapeze."

Now I suppose you would like to know what that has got to do with fashions, wouldn't you? It has very little to do with them; but I was going to talk about

GYMNASTIUM SUITS,

and as they are rather a new idea, I thought it best to profuce a little.

They have costumes for everything now. If a lady should be thrown from her carriage and fatally injured, her latest regret would be that she didn't have on her killing clothes. Gymnasiums are good things, I suppose, and if ladies want to cultivate their muscle they have a perfect right to do so, but it would be rather an up-hill proceeding if they were obliged to do this in an elaborate dinner costume, or even in an ordinary house dress. With trailing skirts, high-heeled boots, tightly-laced corsets, and all the rest of it, I am afraid they never would astonish the world with their freedom of movement and grace of action.

The suits worn by feminine athletes, so far as seen, are made of either black or very bright colors, trimmed with gold braid; the corsage is usually a plaited blouse, with belt loose enough not to confine the waist. A skirt of Scotch plaid reaches just below the knee. Pants of the same material are worn; these are cut very full, in the Turkish style, and confined with an elastic at the garter, and display the striped or plaid stockings that are always worn with them; soft slippers or buskins are the popular foot covering.

"There is nothing like exercise," say these pretty ones, and verily one would think so to note the bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and the gay good nature beaming in their happy faces as they emerge from the scene of their morning's enjoyment. It looks a little as though they were in training for the circus or a prize-fight; but what of it, if they secure that most inestimable of all blessings—perfect health. There was a time when physicians recommended the gymnasium to young gentlemen, whose duties kept them too much indoors; but they would have felt that their reputation was forever blasted if they had so much as hinted at the same mode of treatment for ailing young ladies; but Dio Lewis, Dr. Hall, and others, whose opinions are sown broadcast over the land, have brought about a change, and female gymnasiums bid fair to become an institution in the land.

As for other novelties, I do not remember to have heard of any, though I am told that a quaint little idea in

HAIR GARNITURE

is a *bandeau* of velvet, to which is attached a quantity of tiny gilt or silver bells, little tinkling things that ring out their gentle music at every graceful movement of the pretty head. This may be a happy conceit enough for young ladies in society, but it would never do for novel writers to dress up their heroines in that style; they are always shoving them off to some fashionable entertainment, where they are sure to wander to the conservatory to "escape the stifling atmosphere of the parlors," and somehow they almost always find the fellow they want to see right there, all just as convenient as possible; and then follows a long *tete-a-tete*, and people pass and repass and never know they are there at all; and finally, through fear of being missed, they return in a state of unspeakable happiness to the parlors. Now, suppose she had worn the *bandeau* head-dress, and had rung a bell every time she was kissed! It might have been an honest, open proceeding, and would have shown conclusively that she did not mean to be any way secret or sly about it, but it would have played the mischief with the story nevertheless; for, don't you see, there must have been trouble, or there would have been no need of "escaping from the stifling atmosphere;" the two could have found plenty of time and opportunity for conversation without hiding in the conservatory. But the heroine is always rich and the lover always poor, or she has been betrothed when a babe to somebody she is morally bound to hate, or she has a husband who is forever getting jealous without any occasion, and who wouldn't approve of this conservatory business at all, or some terrible thing or another is to pay which makes it quite necessary that she should keep quiet and not be jingling bells, if the probability of the story is of any account.

THE FASHION OF CRINOLINE,

although apparently banished, still exists. There is a skeleton in every closet, but it is not of such formidable dimensions as formerly. They don't seem to call them hoop skirts any more, for the reason, I suppose, that they are *not* skirts.

One little arrangement of tape and wire is known as the half crinoline; it is very much bunched up at the top, in a kind of Richard the Third way, to form the tournure, and is of the length of an ordinary skirt, and looks like one, only that it is minus the front. It is a sort of a hang-on-behind institution, with string and cord attachment, main and jib stays, and can be worn close reefed or otherwise, and is as easily managed as a husband.

Sometimes this machine is short, and is finished down with a flounce which keeps the dress from falling in around the feet in that ashamed way sometimes seen. Sometimes a pleating of crown-lining or other stiff material is placed on the inside of the dress skirt; this answers the same purpose. The tournure is gradually diminishing in size, and very many of the most fashionable ladies have thrown aside the patent articles of wire or hair-cloth, and are now wearing bustles formed of newspapers, which they pronounce much more comfortable, and which certainly throw out the dress much more gracefully. They have their disadvantages though—the rustling and crackling of paper is always annoying, and in a "jam" these portable news-stands are apt to get "smashed" down, and they don't recover as rapidly as a spring cushion.

I was going to say something more about them, but being a crackling, rattling old newspaper yourself, I don't believe I should interest you much if I continued, so I will change the subject by stating that a rumor, bearing all the marks of truth, comes to us from Paris, to the effect that

WATERPROOF SUITS

are the rage there for all ordinary occasions; that they are made up in black, blue, olive, purple, and plaid; that they are often elaborately trimmed with bright-colored braid, and that there is a style and beauty about them seldom attained in low-priced materials.

Rather glowing, isn't it?

For my own part, I never liked the looks of a waterproof cloak, and I have stated my reasons in this very column. I don't like the looks of a prison either, but I presume if it could be torn down and the material put up in the shape of a suburban villa, with a Mansard roof and plenty of bay-windows, I should find no fault with it; and if the female lives who can take that stealthy, suspicious old waterproof cloak and model it over into something attractive and beautiful, I will tender my congratulations, and admire it with all my heart.

FASHIONS FOR VEILS

have changed repeatedly in the last twelve months. About a year ago the long, full veils of dotted net, that were forever clinging to something or another, and bringing a lady to a full stop when she would much prefer to keep right along, were in high vogue; these gave away after a time to a little mask of net with no trimming, and not even a plain hem at the edge; they were fashionable, and were worn by carefully attired ladies, and nothing was said about it, although there was a something about them not at all in harmony with the amount of work lavished upon other portions of the wardrobe—a sort of a raw-edged look, which was not heightened when the highly-refined young gentleman at the lace-counter was too bewildered by the bright eyes watching him to cut the material straight. Next came the white veils, dotted with black; and now these are pronounced vulgar, inasmuch as they give the face the appearance of being enameled, and impart a "fast" look to the most subdued and quietly-dressed lady. Plain tulle, pointed in front and edged with Maltese lace, is the preferred style at present.

ITEMS

Bridesmaids' dresses this season cost as much as that of a bride, and are made of as rich and costly materials.

The latest styles in rings and bracelets are in the shape of a serpent, with ruby eyes, and the back studded with small precious stones.

A new style of decorating a dinner-table is with globes of gold-fish on a silver standard, surmounted by flowers and leaves.

The correct present for a gentleman to make to his wife on the wedding-day, is a house in a good neighborhood, furnished, and a silver service.

The latest style of bows for the neck are of *points* or valenciennes, made in the shape of a pyramid, small at the top and large at the bottom, and made to cover almost the whole front of the waist. O. K.

THE JEWS.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives some interesting particulars as to the dispersion of the Jews over the world. In Palestine they have long been reduced to a very small proportion of their former numbers. They are now most numerous in the northern part of Africa, between Morocco and Egypt (where, especially in the Barbary States, they form the chief element of the population), and in that strip of Europe which extends from the lower Danube to the Baltic. In the latter region there are about four million Jews, most of whom are of the middle class among the Slavonic nationalities, while in the whole of western Europe there are not one hundred thousand of them. In consequence of European migrations, descendants of these Jews have settled in America and Australia, where they are already multiplying in the large commercial towns in the same manner as in Europe, and much more rapidly than the Christian population. The Jewish settlers in northern Africa are also increasing so much that they constantly spread farther to the south. Timbuctoo has, since 1858, been inhabited by a Jewish colony of traders. The other Jews in Africa are the Falashchas, or Abyssinian black Jews, and a few European Jews at the Cape of Good Hope. There are numerous Jewish colonies in Yemen and Nedschran, in western Arabia. It has long been known that there are Jews in Persia and the countries on the Euphrates; in the Turcoman countries they inhabit the four fortresses of Scherisebs, Kitab, Schamatan, and Urta Kurgan, and thirty small villages, residing in a separate quarter, but treated on an equal footing with the other inhabitants, though they have to pay higher taxes. There are also Jews in China, and in Cochin China there are both white and black Jews. The white Jews have a tradition, according to which in the year 70 A. D. their ancestors were ten thousand Jews, who settled at Cranganore, on the coast of Malabar, after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem. The Jews remained at Cranganore until 1565, when they were driven into the interior by the Portuguese. The black settlers are supposed to be native proselytes, and have a special synagogue of their own.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

The Emperor Vespasian, after his return from the Jewish war in the year 72 of the Christian era, caused this wonderful amphitheatre to be built in that part of ancient Rome where were the ponds and gardens of Nero. It was completed in four years, and his son Titus dedicated it by the slaughter of five thousand wild beasts in the arena. Adrian caused the colossal statue of Nero to be removed from the vestibule of his own palace, and placed in this amphitheatre, where it was worshipped as Apollo.

The Coliseum derives its name from its colossal dimensions, being about 1700 English feet in circumference. The form is oval. It was built of immense blocks of Travertine stone, and consists of four stories. The first story is adorned with Doric columns, the second with Ionic, the third and fourth with Corinthian. The entrances were eighty in number, seventy-six being for the people, two for the gladiators, and two for the emperor and his suite. Within the walls were twenty staircases leading to seats appropriated to the different classes of the people. The seats are said to have held eighty-seven thousand spectators, and the portico or gallery above them twenty thousand. There was an awning which covered the entire edifice in case of rain or intense heat. In the wall of the uppermost story are open holes supposed to have contained the rings for fastening the cords of the awning.

Chateaubriand, in his Martyrs, says:

"There were rails of gold before the seats of the Roman Senators to guard them from the attacks of the wild beasts. The air was refreshed by means of machines ingeniously contrived to throw up wine and saffron water, which again descended in an odoriferous dew. Three thousand bronzed statues, fine pictures, columns of jasper and porphyry, crystal balustrades, vases of precious workmanship, decorated this scene of savage cruelty."

A hippopotamus and some crocodiles swam in an artificial canal which surrounded the arena. Five hundred lions, forty elephants, tigers, panthers, bulls and bears, kept for the inhuman purposes of tearing human beings to afford amusement to their savage species, were heard roaring in the caverns of the amphitheatre. Such were the sports of the Romans when their empire was in the plenitude of its power.

VACCINATION.

Dr. Becker-Laurich is a practicing physician of Altenberg, Germany. During seven months of the present year, he has treated 164 cases of small-pox. Of 132 children vaccinated by the doctor during the seven months, but two took the disease, and these recovered. Of 218 persons revaccinated by him, not one took the disease. The doctor thinks these facts establish the value of vaccination. Still more striking is the case of Salzungen, in the neighboring duchy of Saxe-Meiningen. The authorities took extraordinary pains to vaccinate and revaccinate every inhabitant, old or young, and the result was, that while the small-pox raged with violence in all the surrounding towns and villages, Salzungen had escaped without a single case. Dr. Becker-Laurich further cites the experience of the army, where every recruit is subjected at the outstart to revaccination, and where, so far as the doctor is informed, there has yet to be the first case of small-pox.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

I.

A gentle wind of western birth,
From some far summer sea,
Wakes dahlias in the wintry earth,
Warms thoughts of hope in me.

The sun is low; the paths are wet,
And dance with feeble ball;
The trees, whose spring-time is not yet,
Swing sighing in the gale.

Young gleams of sunshine peep and play;
Thick vapors crown between;
'Tis strange that on a coming day
The earth will all be green.

The north wind blows, and blasts and raves,
And flaps his snowy wing:
Back? toss thy bergs on wrathful waves,
Thou canst not stay our spring.

II.

Up comes the primrose, wondering;
The snowdrop peepeth by,
The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently.

Sweet-breathing odors gently wile
Earth's other children out;
On nature's face a hopeful smile
Is flickering about.

When earth lay hard, unlovely, dull,
And life within her slept,
Above her Heaven grew beautiful,
And forth her beauty crept;

And though tears fall, as fall they will,
Smiles wander into sighs,
Yet if the sun keep shining still,
Her perfect day will rise.

III.

The sky is smiling over me,
Hath smiled away the frost,
Clothed with young green the patient lea,
With buds the woods embossed.

The trees yet shut not out the sky,
It rests down to the flowers;
They lift their beauty fearlessly,
They hide in leafy bowers.

This day is yours, sweet birds; sing on;
The cold is all forgot;
Ye had a dream, but it is gone;
Pain that is past, is not.

Joy that was past, is come again;
And if the summer brings
New care, it is a loving pain,
That broods instead of stings.

IV.

Blow on me, wind, from west and south;
Sweet summer-spirit, blow!
Come like a kiss from dear child's mouth,
Who knows not what I know.

The earth's perfection cometh soon;
Ours lingereth airay;
We have a spring-time, have a moon,
No sunny summer-day.

Rose-sprinkled eve, gold-braided morn,
May still poor Nature's sighs;
To me a higher hope is born—
We rest in that we rise.

But at the last a sapphire day
All over us will bow;
And man's heart, full of sunlight, say,
"Lord, 'tis thy summer now."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Basil Reed clambered over rocks and fallen trees, among which blackberry briers ran riot, flinging their long arms here and there and everywhere in wild and rank luxuriance. It was tiresome work climbing the hill. But there was a fine view from the top of it, they told him, and being an artist, not from necessity, but from choice, fine views were precisely what he was in search of; and so he clambered on, tearing his clothes and scratching his hands, until he reached the top, and sat down to rest and take a look over the landscape.

It was really a beautiful picture which spread itself out before his eyes. Below him was a charming little valley, through whose green, sunshine-spangled meadows a river ran singing on its way to the sea. Willows leaned down from the low banks to dip their lithe branches in the limpid waters. Farm houses were nestled here and there in clumps of gnarled old apple-trees, and lilac bushes grew beside the gateways, odorous now with bloom. Beyond the valley, mountains lifted their purple summits to the soft blue sky of summer time, shutting it in like a wall from the world outside.

"It is like Acadia," he said. "I must make a picture of it."

He heard a crackling in the dry leaves of the last year's growth, and turned to see from whence the sound proceeded.

A girl was coming toward him, unconscious of any presence save her own. She had been gathering ferns and flowers, and had woven herself a crown of trailing arbutus and feathery maiden's hair.

Basil Reed had a keen eye for the beautiful, and he watched her intently. Her face was a pretty one, fair, clear and oval, with tints of the wild rose in the cheeks, and stains of the strawberry on her lips, which curved away from teeth like ivory. Her eyes were like a child's, deep, blue and beautiful. Her hair rippled at its will over her shoulders, and the delicate ferns wound themselves out and in among its meshes, where the sunshine seemed to have tangled itself.

"She would make a beautiful picture," thought Basil. "I wish I could sketch her just as she looks now."

She sat down on a fallen tree and began sorting her ferns and flowers, and he opened his sketch-book and began to sketch her. For half an hour he was busy; stroke by stroke his pencil transferred the scene to paper, and wrought out the features and form of the girl, who imagined herself the sole occupant of the wild, lonely, beautiful spot.

"There!" he exclaimed as he added the last touch. "I will work it up into a picture some day, and call it the 'Nymph of the Woods,' or something like that."

So absorbed had he become in the finishing touches of the sketch that he had forgotten the presence of the girl. She sprang up as he spoke and started to run from the spot. Hearing her steps, he hastily recollected himself, and called to her not to be frightened.

She stopped at the sound of his voice, and he came toward her with his sketch-book. He held it out for her inspection. She took it shyly, and glanced over the sketch. A pleased look came into her eyes.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" she cried. "Did you draw it?"

"Yes, I drew it," he answered. "I am glad you like it. I am going to paint a picture from it some time."

In that way Basil Reed began his acquaintance with Cassie Farley. An acquaintance which developed at once into an ardent admiration for the artist on her part, and an interest in the ignorant country maiden on his.

"I want to get board in some family near by," he said, as he rose and began to prepare to descend the hill, after an hour had slipped away in conversation. "Can you tell me where I can find it?"

"Perhaps mother would take you in," she said. "That's our place," pointing to a picturesque old farm-house in a nest of trees. I wish she would."

He smiled at her artlessness. It was something he was not used to, coming as he did from the city.

"I think I will go home with you and see," he said; and they went down the hill together.

Mrs. Farley decided to "take the fellow to board" after much deliberation. She "hated to be bothered," she said, "but then one didn't make much difference anyhow, and she liked to 'commodate if she could."

So Basil Reed became an inmate of the Farley family, which consisted of Mrs. Farley and her daughter. Mr. Farley had been dead for some years, and his widow with an energy which few men possessed, carried on the farm, with hired help, and "made it pay," she said, with a great deal of pride in the assertion.

Basil Reed discovered that there was not much similarity of tastes between mother and daughter. Mrs. Farley was a born "calculator," as the phrase goes in the country; one who liked to work for the sake of the money it brought in. She cared little for the higher things of life. Books and flowers never "bothered her."

Cassie had a mind and taste for other things than the life of work and scheming drudgery. She liked to read, to tend her flowers, to dream. She knew nothing of the world outside the hills, save what she had learned from books. It was like a fairy land to her imagination.

Coming directly from this world of which she knew so little, it is not to be wondered at that Basil Reed impressed her with a sense of superiority to the men and women she knew. He was educated, cultivated, and fascinating. In short, he was her ideal, and she loved him.

Let me do Basil Reed justice and say that I do not think he tried to win her love. He pitied her, and tried to make her life more pleasant. He could feel how barren it was, and he tried to put a little sunshine in it, by giving her his friendship.

Oh those summer days. They were so sweet, so dangerously sweet to Cassie. She thought he loved her. His voice was tender and soft, his face gentle and kind. She could not know that he was always so deferential to other women as he was to her. He had an instinctive gallantry in his nature that womanhood called into action.

But the summer of Cassie's love, like all other summers, ended at last; and one day Basil Reed announced his intention of going back to the city next day.

And the next day he went. He bade Cassie good-by by the maple tree at the gate. The girl's face was white with the pain of parting. Something in her eyes told him how much she dreaded to let him go.

"You mustn't forget me, Cassie, little friend," he said; "it has been a pleasant summer to me, and among its pleasantest memories is your friendship."

"Oh, I won't forget you," she said, simply; but he knew she meant what she said.

"I shall come back next summer," he said, holding her hand in his for a moment; "I shall get tired of the city again, and the memory of your pinks and roses will prove irresistible, and you will see me back again."

Her eyes lighted up radiantly. He was coming back again!

"Well, good-by, and—don't forget me." And he was gone.

"Gone! but he had left such a sweet promise behind him. He would come again. Amid her loneliness, that thought was like a ray of sunshine. Cassie got to thinking, by-and-by, only of the time when the man she loved would come back to her. It was always of next summer that she dreamed. That was to be the golden summer of her life.

The winter ended, and the spring came, and violets blossomed on the hills, and arbutus made bright the shady nooks. And—"Summer is near," she said, "and when summer is here, *he* will come."

And summer came. Cassie made her little garden bright with bloom and beauty. Her face was full of glad, eager expectancy. Her eyes shone like stars. She went about the house singing like a lord all day. Her mother "couldn't think what had got into the girl, she was so chipper."

And one day Basil came. The stage stopped at the gate, and he alighted, and with him a woman, young and beautiful. Something made Cassie shiver.

"I told you I would come back," he said, gayly, "I have brought some one with me, Cassie; this is my wife. I want you to like each other for my sake."

His wife! and she had looked forward so eagerly *to this* coming of the man she loved! Looking in her face, he read the struggle which was torturing her, and knew she had loved him.

"Poor child," he thought, "she knew so little of the ways of the world. I am sorry for her."

It was a hard and bitter lesson which Cassie learned of the world's ways. That night she sat beside her little window, and wondered if she was the same girl she had been that morning. She felt so changed—so old—so weary of everything.

"Oh, I loved him so!" she sobbed. "I loved him so!"

God pity her, and us! We have some of us had just such lessons to learn, and we know how they wrench the heart, and make every string quiver in exquisite torture. It is so hard to wake up from our dreaming to find that our dream was nothing but a dream!

WINTER BATHERS.

The Alpine Club—an assemblage of gentlemen who annually break a certain percentage of their necks in climbing the Alps—is something which an imaginative nature can comprehend; but a club of Winter-Bathers is simply incomprehensible. Yet such a club exists in London, the members whereof took a swim in the Serpentine (which we believe was not dry) on last Christmas day. They all came out alive, which was more than they deserved. There is one old bather—we don't see how he came to be an old bather, for he ought to have died long ago—who, when the lake is covered with ice, comes each morning with a hatchet with which he smashes the frozen surface, and thus slowly, inch by inch, works his way into the water. The hideous sufferings he must endure, when the thermometer is several degrees below zero, are too terrible to contemplate—and the utmost sympathy is due to the Humane Society's boatmen, whose duty compels them to witness his agony.

FISK'S FIRST MISTAKE.

Fisk used often to tell about his first mistake in life.

Said the Colonel: "When I was a little boy on the Vermont farm, my father took me up to the stable one day where a row of cows stood in the stable.

Said he: "James, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?"

"I don't know, pap," said James, "I never have done it."

"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning, I'll give you this bright silver dollar," said his father, putting him on the head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes.

"Good," said James, "I'll try" and away he went to work. He tugged, and pulled, and lifted, and pulled, and finally it was done—and his father gave him the bright silver dollar, saying—

"That's right, James, you did it splendidly—now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all winter!"

A LOVE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY N. CAYDEN.

The western sky is all aglow
With rosy-tinted light,
The crescent moon has bent her bow
In token of the night,—
The sloping valley—veiled with snow—
Has caught a crimson gleam—
And stretching out its lovely length,
Is fair as poet's dream.

The smiling stars are peering out
Like angel eyes above—
And beaming down into my heart,
Are whispering tales of love.
Along the village, here and there,
The evening lamps are lit—
And gazing on them, thoughts of you
Among my fancies flit.

Far off in climes of golden light
Where summer lingers long—
Where dreamy poets live and love,
The land of sun and song—
Is some one—whom I need not name—
Now dreaming, too, of me?
Do tender hopes rise in his heart,
Bright as the moonlit sea?

Does all his being yearn to know
That fond eyes far away,
Are watching, full of happy hope,
The dawning of the day,
When rosy dreams shall be fulfilled—
And tardy time shall bring
To linger ever by her side,
Her love, her life, her king?

Ah! dearest, let your longings cease,
My heart is all your own;
I only wake to think of you—
And dream to hear your tone.
The lettering moments linger long—
But oh! at last the day
Shall brightly break on you and me,
When Love shall have his way.

SEVEN GRAVES;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF DUNLEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESTHER BERLE KENNETH.

CHAPTER XXV.

SUSPICIOUS

The dead wife of John Var, Granny's son, had been related to Saul Pycott, and unlike his mother, John had been a friend of the Pycotts, rather than of the Andersons.

Since the latter's death he had gone about with a gloomy brow. His humble friends wondered that he took his mother's death so greatly to heart. She was old, and had long been expected to die.

But gradually an ominous whisper circulated. It was intimated that John Var believed that his mother had not died a natural death.

He was the man to brood long over a wrong—slow to execute a purpose. Days and weeks went by while he gloomed and pulled his russet beard, held his boy absently between his knees, alone, or went among his mates in the town, and forgot to be social.

It was a wintry day that he walked to town on an errand to the blacksmith's.

In Blackmere wood he came upon Saul Pycott, felling trees. Saul paused in his labors, leaned upon his axe, and the two men shook hands.

"Sharp weather, this 'ere, John."

"An' rough walking. Ruts frozen hard as wood in the roads. You should have a wife to bring you a pail of hot coffee by noon, when you're cuttin', Saul. A good wife 'd do that for her man."

"Saul's bluff face grew red; he frowned.

"No girl will I have but the one. You know, John Var."

"Rose, is it—Rose Pycott—yes. And *she's* not ready *yet*, Saul?"

"She'll never be ready for me, she tells me. By the cursed luck, she's got a secret, Rose has, that'll not be a secret long. I'll spread it till she can't hold up her head in town for shame."

"*What?* There's nothin' to be said against Rose Pycott! I'll not believe it, man."

"Does an Anderson ever mean fair by a girl? An' that young one of Dunleath has been often seen at the cottage this autumn."

"An' that's all ye can say; nothing more, Saul," said John Var, gravely. "Rose is a good girl—and young Angus Anderson is not like the other. The other—"

He scowled more darkly than his companion.

Saul Pycott showed a moment's shame. He began making some lame excuses about the way he had been treated by Rose.

But his companion's mind seemed to have left the subject. John Var's mood also darkened. *He* muttered an oath, with his brows bent and stormy.

"*He's* none too good for it, the old one. And he's got a blacker crime than that on his head, say I!" he muttered.

"Foul play when *she* died—*was* there?" asked Saul, catching at the words. "Tell us, then, John. Do you say that your mother didn't die a natural death?"

"I *say* it!" exclaimed John Var, striking a fist into his open palm.

The other laid his heavy hand on his shoulder.

"An' isn't the law of the land as good for one man as for another? *Down* on the black hound! and I'll stan' by ye, John."

That day a writ for the arrest of Black Norton, was served in the town.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BALKED.

Black Norton led Theodora into the room where Angus sat musing upon the hearth, his arm still in its sling. There was a rose-colored ribbon in his hand, which he hastily concealed as he came hurriedly to his feet at their entrance.

His first act was to wheel forward a chair for Theodora, which he proffered with unconcealed surprise at her appearance there. Then he turned interrogatively to his father.

Black Norton laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"I have brought you a wife, Angus. Do you know her?—Judge Crowningshield's daughter."

Angus had not recognized Theodora. This shadowy, pallid, passive girl bore no resemblance to the buoyant figure he had seen only on horseback. His surprise was great at seeing any lady at Dunleath. Let me mention also that he had not in his invalid seclusion heard of Theodora's disappearance from her home.

"Miss Crowningshield!" he murmured, and stood speechless.

"His daughter—the Judge's only daughter," said Norton, triumphantly. "You will marry her, my boy."

"I cannot!" broke suddenly from Angus, with a passionate thought of Rose.

"You will marry her now, to-day," continued Norton, unheeding, and intoxicated with his exultant thoughts. "He may know where she is then, if he likes—the Judge. But you will not care to let them take her away; see, she is very pretty," putting his hand on the crown of brown braids. "Mrs. Angus Norton of Dunleath, the home of the Andersons for seven generations, ha! ha! Isn't it a sweet revenge?"

Astounded, pained, mortified by his father's mad plan, Angus could only repeat, stoutly:

"Father, I cannot, I cannot marry this lady!"

"Cannot? Pch! Why not?" blustered Norton.

"Because I love another woman!" returned Angus, desperately.

"Young fool!" thundered Norton, in sudden rage, "are you going to balk me?—*you* for whom I have brought about this revenge?—for whom I have lived for weeks in hourly danger of being mobbed, lynched? Have you no spirit to make no retort for your insult? Another woman? Bah! Who is she?"

"Rose Pycott," calmly.

"A ploughman's wench! Ha! ha! But it's not necessary to *marry* that sort of girl. But you *must* marry this young lady. It is ten o'clock. A good horse will bring a clergyman in three hours from some of the more remote towns. A little risk, but I have run a good many. Put Jupiter to the buggy. Drive fast; answer no questions as you return."

"Father, I will not go. This thing cannot be."

One fierce glance at the young man's pale, determined face, and Norton rushed like a fiend upon him. He would have felled him to the earth, but for the agility of his escape. Angus was crippled; if he had not been, he would not have raised a hand against his father.

He retreated before the madman—opened a door—disappeared, and fled.

The outside entrance was left open by his flight. The stinging, frosty air rushed into the room, bathing Theodora's pale face and heavy eyes. She drew a quick breath, and rose to her feet.

Norton had followed Angus, but he came back from the open door with a sudden change upon him. He closed the door, hurriedly barred it, but not until Theodora, aroused from her apathy, had flung herself upon the floor, towards it, screaming madly:

"Father! Father! Father!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

RESCUED.

Heavy blows upon the outside door resounded through the house.

There was a crowd without. They knocked and called, and the knocking and calling increased. Norton listened for a moment, indifferent to the senseless girl at his feet.

He listened for a moment, then turned towards the door by which he had entered. He disappeared, locking all the doors after him as he retreated to his private apartments. An instant afterwards there was a crash; the crowd had effected an entrance, and besieged the barred inner door. It soon gave way. They poured into the room, surrounding the prone figure of Theodora.

The awe-stricken men were almost silent for an instant; then there was a cry:

"The Judge! The Judge!"

For the Judge and Paul Ireton were among the company. The others made way for them as they came into the room. The former's hair fell white as snow from under his hat (so great was the change in him), as he bent over the prostrate form of his child.

"My daughter!"

The faint, amazed cry broke from him. Kneeling beside her, he lifted her head upon his arm, and turned her emaciated, lovely face to the light. An involuntary cry of pity and indignation broke from the company.

"She is starved to death! Find him—the murderer!" exclaimed a voice.

In a tumult of imprecations, they began the search.

Paul Ireton headed them. They hurried from room to room. They came, at length, to the oaken door, at the foot of the staircase.

"It is locked; he is beyond here!" said the sheriff.

"Waste no time—down with it!" exclaimed Paul.

But it stoutly resisted their united blows.

"Blow it up!" shouted John Var. 'Tis the only way."

But just then a strange roaring fell on their ears—a faint sound like distant musketry—and then they smelled smoke.

Smoke? The place was full of it. The old house trembled. The blue, curling cloud crept from every crevice—forked flames flashed after—the snapping and roaring deafened them.

"Fire! The house is on fire!"

They were filled with consternation, as they retreated. Had Black Norton chosen to die in the flames of Dunleath, rather than be taken?—or was the fire an accident?

But he did not come forth, and no attempt was made to overcome the fearful consuming element. The crowd retreated, and the circle widened about the burning building. The oaken timbers threw out an overpowering heat—the walls fell; the flames leaped, and the black smoke poured skyward. In one brief hour Dunleath was no more.

The crowd, which had increased (for the conflagration was seen from afar), were amazed, and greatly excited. They had the suspicion, which time confirmed to a certainty, that Black Norton had perished in the ruins.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HAPPY END.

Theodora had shown signs of consciousness before she was borne to her home. As a carriage bore her through the streets, leaning upon her father's bosom, the bells of the town broke into peals of joy.

No words can relate the consequent excitement and joy of her friends, no phrases express their abhorrence of Black Norton of Dunleath, or their indignation.

When word came that charred fragments of his body had been found among the ruins, they expressed horror, but so deep was their sense of injury and the dreadful justice of the event, that not one sentiment of pity was heard amongst them.

For weeks Theodora lay in her chamber, surrounded by fondest ministrations. She was weak and gentle as a little child. Her father wept with a parent's love, and trembled with a man's indignation, as he felt her frail, weak arms about his neck. Carefully they led her up from the door of death. Slowly her face and form regained their rounded outlines—gradually the smile and the rose-flush came back to her face. The beautiful daughter and sister was at length restored.

One day she asked for Paul Ireton.

She sat in her little *boudoir*, Gem perched upon the arm of her chair, with her arms about her neck, when Ireton entered the room. Theodora sent the child away, and turned gently to her old lover:

"Paul I am grateful for your love."

Her coldness and pride were gone forever. She had never been so womanly, so lovely before her suffering. And to Paul Ireton the hardships and trials he had undergone fell out of consideration compared to the bliss of that hour. He would have undergone them all again for the sweet surprise of her acceptance of him as the closest friend of her life. He was not prepared for such a surrender, and had already taken up his *role* of depression and despair, hoping nothing, asking nothing for his devotedness to her cause. His triumphant happiness was inexpressible.

And our two other lovers were happy. Angus Norton went straight from his father's house to old Deb's hut, and demanded to see Rose. Before news of the burning of Dunleath and Black Norton's death reached him they were married.

As seemed fitting, the fragments of Black Norton's body were interred with those of his forefathers. The seventh grave was made—and the people said that the curse was at an end. When it was known that Angus Norton had made Rose Pycott his honorable wife, he found himself suddenly surrounded by honest friends. "The young man should have a fair chance—he had shown himself a man," they said, and rich and poor offered him a friendly hand.

Fortune also smiled upon him. Among the stones and cracked slates and blackened timbers of Dunleath was found an iron chest somewhat injured by the fire, but within, intact, was a box of steel, closed by a curious spring. The latter was delivered into Angus Norton's hands.

On opening it, it was found filled to the brim with gold coin. In all, it was a moderate fortune. Resisting an impulse to go abroad—leaving scenes that were so painful, he devoted himself to making a home for his beautiful young wife upon the site of the old one. Here he resolved to abide, and if children were given him, to sustain and rear them by noble example, that the new Dunleath might shed upon the old one a fairer fame.

And in time Rose did become the mother of two noble boys and a fair little daughter, all of whom inherited the high-toned, generous traits of their parents, and are not overmatched even by the children of Theodora and Paul Ireton.

Saul Pycott took the loss of Rose with final good grace. Such disappointments are hard for better men to bear, and Saul's bitterness and passion were only natural. He found a good wife at last, and grew reconciled to fate.

John Var continued in Angus Norton's employ. He finally married a second time, and was also fortunate in his marriage. The second wife was a kind mother to the little lad, Seth.

Old Deb received from Paul Ireton a large price for her assistance, which had turned his search in the right direction. The chain of gold and ruby cross were lost by Theodora on the night of her desperate and unsuccessful attempt to escape from Black Norton.

After Rose married Angus Norton and left Deb's hut, much to the old woman's consternation, she repaid her rude kindness and honest care by a faithful care of her last days. Deb could not be persuaded to leave her hut for a more civilized home, but she accepted the services of an attendant, provided by Rose, who nursed her faithfully in her last sickness.

At her death the hut was pulled down, when a large sum of money was found buried beneath the hearth. It was in a leathern bag with a scrap of paper, on which was scrawled: "For my niece, Rose Pycott." It was then understood that the gestures old Deb made in her dying moments referred to this treasure. It enabled Rose to provide liberally for the education of her children. The story spread, however, that yet other sums of money might be found on the site of the hut, and many an expedition was made to excavate it. Neither gold nor silver has ever been found there, however, and the country people who have been interested in them finally abandoned it.

Among the ruins of old Dunleath was discovered the inscribed tablet of stone. It was purchased by an old relic hunter, Angus attaching no value to it whatever.

He has lived down all personal prejudice against himself—the old Dunleath has been forgotten, except by the oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood; and to-day there exists not a pleasanter homestead or a more highly esteemed family than that of Norton's of Dunleath.

THE RUBY RING.

(CONCLUSION.)

Contrary to Miss Connel's expectations, Ballymore was not burned that night, nor the inhabitants murdered.

Katty was up with the larks on the following morning, and had been to the byre, and milked the dun-colored cow before the old gentlewoman was out of her bed.

"Faix ma'am are the captain and his sojers still at Ballymore?" asked Katty, demurely.

"The captain has gone on to search Flushing," said Miss Connel, "but he's left a sergeant and a squad o' men down at the alehouse. He's a comely man, is my nephew, the captain. Katty? It's a taking way he has wid the ladies, child."

"It's not for such as I, ma'am, to think o' the likes o' him," answered Katty, with a frown.

The old woman laughed, and chucked the girl under her dimpled chin.

"Troth, I'm not so sure about that, avourneen. It's very fond I am o' you; and old women wid comfortable purses often take queer whims. But no matter; we'll not talk o' it yet. Let him look his fill for a rich heiress first."

When Katty milked her dun cow that night, she took from her pail a brimming noggin of milk, crept up the ladder, and thrust the same into a white hand extended from the straw to receive it.

"Keep dark, if ye love yer life?" she whispered. "The sojers are still at Ballymore, watching. Keep dark, or ye're lost!"

"Where is Gaff?"

"Gone to Flushing, but he's coming again to-night to take tea with the mistress—bad luck to him!"

"Coming, you mean, to press his suit with you."

"Ah, yer honor, don't mention it! Sure it's meself that hates him sorely."

And back to the cottage went Katty, to find the crown-officer already come, ostensibly to pay court to his ancient relative—in reality to sigh and make eyes at the scornful little peasant-beauty, who would not deign to give him so much as a look.

"Faix, have ye found the roaring ribil yet?" said Miss Connel.

"No," answered Gaff; and Katty in the pantry heard him, and grew pale. "He's not been at Flushing, nor out of Ballymore. To-morrow I shall search the town again, and every house in it."

"Ivery house?" screamed Miss Connel. "What do ye mean by that? If ye bring your divilish rid-coats here to break and thare, I'll cut ye off wid a shilling! Troth, what have I, a lone, loyal gintlewoman, to do wid ribbils, hung or unhung?"

"The fellow may have crept into your cellar," said Gaff, "all unbeknown to you. What then, my dear aunt?"

"Faix, man, I think not," said she, "for if I hadn't seen him, Katty would."

Gaff hastened to pacify his engraged relative by assuring her that all should be as she wished.

The two supped amicably together, after which Gaff made his way into the kitchen, and, lying in wait at the door, seized Katty, just as she was coming in, all pale and flurried, from the byre.

"Ah, my jewel!" cried he, "I have you now!"

The frightened girl struggled in his hold.

"Sure, what do you mane?" she gasped.

"Where have you been?" said he. "Answer me that."

The blood rushed to her cheek and out again.

"Just out to the hedge, yer honor," faltered Katty, "to have a word wid Larry Blake."

"Ah, keeping tryst, eh?" cried Gaff, with angry, jealous eyes. "Heavens! what a fool you make of me, Katty! Why can't I forget you? Why can't I let you alone? What has that gawk been saying to you? By my soul, I've a mind to carry you off bodily from them all!"

He embraced her rudely.

"Ah, let me go! cried Katty. "Let me go or ye are a black-hearted scoundrel, indeed!"

He answered with his kisses. Like a blazing brand, Katty tore away from him, and as he pursued, she caught from the dresser a big jug of buttermilk, and dashed it full in his wicked face. It streamed in yellow rivers over his flaxen queue and down his gold-laced scarlet uniform, extinguishing all their splendor in a breath. Gaff, choking with the milk, swore a great oath, and Miss Connel, from the doorway, answered with a peal of hoarse laughter.

"Did I not tell ye the girl was none o' your Dublin hussies?" said the old woman, dryly.

Gaff picked up his gold-laced hat, and went back to the ale-house.

When the troops came tramping down the boreen on the next day, he did not even so much as look toward the brown cottage on the edge of the flax-field.

More than a week passed. Daily Katty crept up the ladder to the byre, and whispered her injunction to lie low and keep quiet, for Gaff and his men remained stubbornly at Ballymore, and to move was sure discovery. About this time Miss Connel began to accuse her little maid of treating Larry Blake to white bread and half bottles of wine in the kitchen. The girl grew pale and red by turns, but did not deny it.

"Do you mane to marry the lout, Katty?" said the old woman.

"Not I, ma'am," answered Katty.

"Then bid him begone. It's myself that has chosen a husband for ye."

That same night Larry Blake came creeping sheepishly round the hedge, where Katty sat at her milking, with chestnut hair blowing in the wind, and the blush warm on her beautiful cheek.

"Is it ye, Larry?" cried the girl, in delight. "It's meself that was just wishing ye near."

"Do ye mane it, avourneen?" said Larry, breathing like a furnace. "Wishing for me, were ye? Give me the pail."

She let him carry it to the kitchen, and even set him a stool on the hearth by the fire. All unused to such graciousness, Larry sat devouring her with his eyes, till suddenly Katty drew near to him in a most insinuating manner, and sat down.

"Larry, darlint," said she, with a soft glance from her long-lashed eyes, "I've a favor to ask of ye."

"Ask on, asthore," cried Larry, enraptured. "It's meself that came to-night to have one swate word wid ye afore I go away."

"Where be ye going?" said Katty, pricking up her ears.

"Whist! It's a bit o' a trip I'd be making to-morrow night to plase some gintlefolks across the Channel."

"Faix," said she, peering into his face, "ye're going to France, smuggling again?"

"Ye've said it, avourneen."

Katty turned her head, so he could not see her bright face.

"Ah! here's luck!" said she. "I've a friend, Larry, that's just breaking his heart to go to France, and it's yerself that must take him along wid ye to-morrow night."

"A friend, avourneen?"

"Ay; ax me no more. Ye shall have fifty pounds, man, the hour ye land him on French ground. Think o' that."

"By the powers, that's a fine, decent price!" cried Larry, "Asthore, it's yer eyes that beguile me. Whist! Where is the crathur?"

Katty was not to be thrown off her guard.

"He'll drop round and meet ye afore the boat sails," said she.

"I start from the pier at King's Head, seven miles below Flushing, avourneen. He must come on board an hour before midnight. I'll fly a white signal at the fore for him. Do ye understand?"

"Ay," said Katty; "ye're not to mention the matter to any one, mind."

"Troth I'll not."

"If ye play me false," she threatened, "ye shall niver see me face more."

"I'll not!" repeated Larry. "By the earth and the hivins, I'll not!"

Having arrived at this agreement, Katty suddenly heard her mistress calling, and straightway hurried her suitor out of the kitchen-door, bidding him come some other time for that "one swate word."

The night that followed was admirably fitted for Katty's plans. It was dark, starless and still. The lights were already going out in the little town, when the girl, with her russet cloak drawn over her head, and a bundle under her arm, stole out to the byre, and ascended for the last time the ladder.

"Quick!" she whispered, opening the bundle and taking out a gown, a handkerchief, a frilled cap and a tattered cloak. "Git into these, yer honor. This dress is the mistress's, and being tall, ye'll find it just the fit. Hasten! It's a long way to King's Head, and time to be gone."

Fitzroy struggled into the gown, and she helped him to tie on the cap and draw the muffling hood of the cloak about his face. Swiftly they glided out into the high road. The moon had not yet risen. Darkness and silence reigned around them.

"Yer honor," whispered Katty, "we must find a boat at Flushing, and from there drop down to King's Head to meet the smuggler."

"Lead on," he breathed; "I follow."

They avoided the ale-house and the principal street, and struck across the furzy hills toward Flushing. At the end of the first mile, on a solitary road, they met a belated jaunting-car, scrambled into it, and were jolted on at a good pace toward their destination.

"It's meself and me car," grumbled the driver, "that's been overhauled this night by the bloody thaves o' sojers. They've gone down to Flushing wid their captain, peering about agin for the ribil that broke out o' Dublin Newgate, two weeks agone."

"Sojers!" gasped Katty. "Be there sojers to-night in Flushing?"

"Ye may well say that," said the driver—"Gaff and his men."

With a smothered scream, Katty started up, but Fitzroy seized her hand.

"Hush!" he whispered. For God's sake, hush! I must go on now—at all hazards, I must go on!"

"Ah, ye are lost, sure!" groaned Katty.

The car jolted on. At the entrance of Flushing the two alighted and left it.

"Now," said Katty, "let us make for the pier. It's meself as knows the way well. Follow me."

She led him rapidly down a narrow street, and was turning into another at the seaward end of the town, when, close before them, tramp, tramp, tramp, loud and clear on the ears of both, sounded the tread of soldiery. Captain Gaff, with a squad of men, turned a corner of the street, and met them face to face.

It was a horrible moment. Fitzroy clapped his hand to his side, where his sword should have been, but was not, then to his breast, where the knife was concealed.

"Halt! you pair of petticoats," commanded Gaff.

Only the deep darkness sheltered them from instant recognition. Like lightning Katty seized her companion's arm.

"Fly for your life!" she breathed. "This way, with me!"

Like an arrow she darted past Gaff and disappeared. After her followed Fitzroy.

"Halt!" roared Gaff. "Halt, I say!" and at once gave chase.

With her heart in her throat, Katty tore across an open space, and reached the pier, seeing at her shoulder the tall, dark figure of Fitzroy, hearing, but a few yards behind them, the oaths and shouts and laughter of the soldiers. Capture now meant sure detection. The pier was dark and quite deserted. Panting and wild-eyed, Katty dashed along it in the merciful, shrouding night, and saw at its far end and old wherry moored, with a pair of oars lying in the bottom. At the same moment, loud and fearfully near behind them, thundered the feet of their pursuers—tramp, tramp, tramp!

"One of them is young and pretty, I can swear," laughed the voice of Gaff.

Fitzroy caught the rope from Katty's hand, and strained upon it with fearful strength. It would not yield an inch. He tore the knife from his breast, got it open, somehow, and cut the wherry from her moorings. Katty leaped down into the stern; he followed. He seized the oars, and with a tremendous sweep sent the old cockle-shell spinning out into the black water. None too soon, for, rushing headlong down to the pier, their arms gleaming, even in the darkness, Gaff and his men followed at their very heels.

"A pretty brace of petticoats! Where the deuce are they?" they heard Gaff roar. "Zounds! There goes something through the water yonder. Boat, ahoy!"

No answer. The wherry whirled away, and vanished in the darkness.

"Send a shot after them!" cried Gaff.

A bullet skipped across the water, grazed Katty's beautiful cheek, cut a tress of her long hair, and plowed a furrow in the ripples beyond.

"My God!" cried Fitzroy, "are you hurt?"

"Nay—a bit o' blood drawn; that's all, yer honor," answered Katty. "Thanks be to Heaven! they've no thought of following. It's plain they caught but a glimpse o' us." Fitzroy picked up the severed tress and hid it in his bosom. He had torn from his head the hood and cap. Set and white and stern looked his face.

"Drop down to the south," whispered Katty; "there lies King's Head, seven miles away;" and she pointed off through the darkness.

He obeyed her in silence. In silence they glided down the black night-shore southward toward King's Head. Straight as the crow flies, the little wherry came up alongside Larry Blake's smuggling-boat, just as the latter was casting loose from the pier, in the wan, cloudy light of the rising moon.

There was a short parley between the smuggler and Katty; then Fitzroy drew in his oars, and flung them, dripping, into the bottom of the wherry.

"Farewell, Ireland!" he breathed; then turned and looked at Katty.

The moment of parting had come.

It was dark, but not dark enough to hide the pallor of the beautiful face. Two great tears gathered in her fine eyes, and rolled down her cheeks.

"Good-by, yer honor," she said, faintly.

He caught her hands in his own. His deep voice trembled and broke.

"To you," he said, "to you I owe liberty—life—all! How shall I thank you? My heart is full to breaking. Light of my eyes, will you take what you have saved, to hold and to have forever?"

"Ah, yer honor, I know not what ye mean," sobbed poor Katty.

He drew her nearer and nearer. She fluttered in his grasp like a bird.

"Avourneen!" he whispered; "pulse of my heart, I love you!"

"Ah!" shivered Katty, "ye are a rich lord's son, and I am a poor peasant. In the name o' heaven, don't talk o' love to me!"

He slipped from his finger the curious ruby ring, and broke it in twain. One half he laid in her hand.

"Keep it," he said. "It is my troth-plight! May God's blackest curse blast me when my love brings out to you like harm! The other half of this ring is going with me. When you see it again, you will know I am near—that I have come for you—though a thousand deaths stand in the way—that I have come to make you my wedded wife."

The tears rained down her beautiful face.

"Your wife? Oh, no! I am dreaming! Can such as ye stoop to wed wid the like o' me? Ye will find friends in France, and lovely ladies. Ye will soon forget this night! Ye will soon forget me!"

"Look at the ring," he answered. "I have left the ruby with you. When you see it grow pale, then, and not till then, you will know I have forgotten you!"

"It's time to be gone; the moon's rising," called Larry, from the smuggling-boat.

He caught her to him; he held her fast; he kissed her passionately again and again.

"Avourneen!" he murmured, "pulse of my heart! light of my eyes! I leave my soul with thee!"

Then he was gone. She sat in the little wherry, alone and desolate.

Dumb and motionless she sat there, straining her eyes into the distance and darkness, to watch the white sail of the smuggler dancing gayly off before a stiff breeze. A handkerchief fluttering from the stern waved her a mute farewell. Further and further it receded, till it seemed a mere speck on the water; yet she did not move. Finally it disappeared altogether from her sight. The girl was alone with the stars, and the night and the sea. Stretching her arms into the darkness after that lost sail, all the passionate pain of her heart found voice in one wild wail.

"Ah, no! It will never be! I shall see him no more!"

More dead than alive, she then left the wherry at the King's Head pier, and, not daring to trust herself again in Flushing, she plodded on foot wearily home through the lonesome night.

From that hour Katty began to droop. She grew pale, mocked the larks no more over the blue flax-fields, and was often in tears. Miss Connel wondered greatly what had come over her.

"Can the child be love-sick," she said, "for that wild blade of a Larry Blake?"

Presently Larry himself came to Ballymore, and tramping down the boreen one day, met Katty face to face.

"So yer back?" she said, listlessly.

"That am I, avourneen; and I know yer secret; and his honor is safe in France. I've got me fifty pounds—good luck to him! It's meself that suspected ye all the while, but would breathe no word, seeing 'twas you, darlint. Now, by the powers, ye've had yer will."

She grew red, then pale, and stood plucking at the hawthorn in the hedge.

"Asthore, it's long since ye gave me a swate word," said Larry, reproachfully. "Ye jist know how ye can lare the heart out o' me body at yer own liking. Spake up, now, and tell me thrue; will you have me?"

"No," said Katty. "I've no heart to give ye, Larry. It's gone across the water with one I'll never see more. So, now ye know the truth, and ye'll just be aisy and let me be."

For a moment Larry was dumb with rage and amaze; then he broke out, scornfully:

"Oho! It's he, is it?—a great lord's son, that can have his pick o' the gintry in France or out o' France? Ho! It's like he'll be to think twice o' a lass like ye! I wish ye joy o' yer sweetheart, avourneen. It's yerself, sure enough, that'll niver set eyes on him more."

Katty slipped away, sorrowful, into the shadow of the hedge, and drew from her bosom the broken ring. She turned the heart-shaped ruby in her hand. It seemed ready to spirt with blood under her touch. With a thrill of joy, Katty remembered her lover's words.

"Ah, Holy Mother!" she sobbed, "let it not grow pale!"

And from that hour she began to watch the ruby jealously. But the great, glowing, sanguine jewel never changed.

Six months after Fitzroy's escape, Miss Connel died. Great was the commotion that followed the reading of the old gentlewoman's will. To her nephew, Captain Gaff, she gave ten pounds for a mourning ring. To her little servant, Katty Shane, she bequeathed her entire property, the income of which was exactly a thousand pounds a year—begging said Katty to look with favor upon Gaff's suit, should it now be pressed in honorable marriage. To Gaff's legacy, the following words were appended:

"Said nephew once declared to me his willingness to wed Katty Shane did she possess a thousand pounds a year. I beg to remind him of his promise, and request him to fulfill it. As he has hitherto found all the heiresses ugly as sin, I have made him one to his liking."

The gentlepeople laughed, and the gentlepeople stared, and they ogled beautiful little Katty, and shrugged their shoulders at Captain Gaff. With a great oath he swore that many a man might go further and fare worse, and before them all he stepped up to Katty, and looked her in her scornful violet eyes.

"Will you marry me?" said he.

"Not I!" answered she.

There was a great laugh. Gaff grew pale, then red, and vowed she would eat her words ere the six months were over.

Then came his fine mother, next of kin to Miss Connel, and seeing that her son's heart was really set on this fair-faced peasant lass, with a thousand a year, off she carried Katty to a great house in Kerry, and began at once to turn her into a fine lady.

They put rich gowns on her, and taught her gentler manners, and her brown hands grew white in the old Kerry castle, and her beauty soon became the talk of half the county.

Gaff was wild over her, and pressed his suit, and raved and pleaded at her feet, day in and day out, for weeks and for months. The kingdom of Heaven may be taken with violence; so, also, may a woman's heart. Katty's fine eyes soon wearied with looking out on the vacant sea. No word came from over it, and at the end of six months she had put the ruby ring away, and eaten her words, indeed. She was the promised bride of Captain Gaff.

The county rang with the news; the castle resounded with preparation and rejoicing. Magnificent was the marriage-feast—the guests and the lights and the music thereof. In the midst of the coming and going, and the great confusion that prevailed, a piper, in a frieze coat and a cocked hat, came tramping into the court yard, with his pipes under his arm, and drank a noggin of ale from the butt that flowed there for the country people. He was a handsome fellow, the maid-servants thought, with his silky black hair, his comely figure and his wonderful white hand. He played the pipes, too, with great sweetness, and sang them a marvelous song about the light of his eyes and the pulse of his heart.

Twilight had already fallen, and the castle windows were all ablaze with light, and the guests were already thronging fast through the court to the wedding.

"Tell me, where is the bower of the bride?" asked the piper of one of the maids.

"Yonder," she answered. "The open window there by the holly tree."

He flung open his frieze coat, and the girl afterward swore that under it she saw gold embroidery, and such a uniform as the French officers wore when they landed at Killala. He drew something from his bosom, and flung it through the open lattice into the chamber of the bride.

They were just busking the young beauty before the mirror. One maid had powdered her chestnut hair: one was just buckling her little satin shoe. Suddenly Katty started and began to tremble.

"Who is singing in the court?" asked she.

"But a strolling player," answered one maid.

"A handsome young piper," said another, "wid hair like a rook's wing. Shure he has a swate voice.

The bride started up among them, growing whiter and whiter.

"Am I dreaming?" murmured she. "Am I crazy?"

And then through the window something came flying like a bird, and dropped upon the floor at her feet. Panting, she stooped and picked it up. It was a bunch of yellow gorse, and out of its centre, as she raised it, fell half a broken ring.

"Mother of Heaven! it is he!" she cried, and ran to her bower window, and saw the strange piper standing in the court below, gazing up at her with his heart in his eyes. She turned to her maids; a marvellous light shone in her face.

"My mantle, lassies!" cried she; "a friend has come from over the seas to my wedding. I must go down and welcome him."

They flung the mantle over her beautiful powdered hair.

With her satin bodice laced, and her satin shoes on her feet, and her brocade train flowing after her, she glided through their midst, down the great stair, and was never seen by one of them more. When she reached the court, she went up to the strange piper, and looked him in the face.

"Are you ready?" he whispered.

"Ay," answered she.

"Then come. There's a boat waiting at the foot of the park wall, and we must be far away before the tide turns."

"Ah," she whispered, tearfully, "do you love me still?"

"If I loved you less than life, avourneen, should I be here to-night?" answered he.

When the servants in the hall turned to look at the pair a second time, they were gone.

The piper's pipes lay on the flags of the court, and near them a cluster of roses that had fallen from the bride's chestnut hair, but that was all.

Wild confusion filled the old Kerry castle. High and low, far and near, they searched for her, and in vain. Gaff raved and tore his hair, and turned over the feast-tables—all in vain, too. A full hour before, a little trading-vessel had weighed anchor, and sailed out of the bay below, with every stitch of canvas set, and Katty was gone, never to return.

THE LATEST FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A San Francisco paper says:—"It is with deep and universal regret, that we announce the death of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. Livingstone. This melancholy event has come upon the country like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Had the doctor borne a charmed life, his death would not have provoked greater astonishment and vexation. Up to yesterday noon the village physician at Ijiji was perfectly confident that he would recover, although the pestilential climate of Soudan had considerably worried him, and had proved fatal to his faithful and attached hippopotamus. At about 1 o'clock, however, he began to fail rapidly, and by 5 there was nothing left of him at Ijiji, though he was still prevalent in several regions to the southward, and the vicinity of Gebel-el-Cumri was pervaded with him in considerable quantity; but by 7 advices came from Dahomey that he was dead in that section; by 8 he had perished all along the Upper Nile; by 9 he had faded and gone from Beled-el-Jared; and before daylight this morning the returns were all in, and Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer, was no more forever! The obsequies will take place at Boriobeola Gha as soon as all the remains can be concentrated at that point. In her deep affliction Science has our heartfelt sympathy, and we cheerfully condole with everybody."

A Trifling Mistake.

BY ISABELLE AMORY.

"Well, really! this is the most provoking occurrence in the world," exclaimed Mrs. Clare, looking up from a letter which she had been perusing one snowy winter morning, while comfortably seated in her cushioned arm-chair before the blazing fire. "It seems that we cannot go to Greymount, after all, this Christmas. Do you hear, Julia? Are you listening, Charles?" she added, turning irritably to look at her son and daughter, two well-looking young people, between the ages of twenty and thirty, and who were relatively employed—he, lying on the sofa reading a novel: she seated at the window painting in water colors, an occupation from which she looked up to ask, with a very lively show of interest:

"But why not, mamma? What has happened to prevent us?"

"Old Mrs. Clare is ill," replied her mother, in a tone more expressive of annoyance than commiseration for the venerable lady.

"Grandmamma is never well," said Julia, quietly.

"No, but she has a bad sore throat, and fancies it is something dangerous, and that she ought to make her will."

"Still, though of course I'm very sorry for the poor old lady's sore throat, I don't see why it should oblige us to break our promise to our cousins at Greymount," observed Mr. Charles from behind his novel.

"It does not interfere with *you*, my dear; but she wishes Julia and me to go up to London and see her. Let me see. It takes all day to get there; if we start to-morrow, probably stop a day or two there, perhaps three if she is worse, we shall be away—"

"All Christmas week!" cried Julia in dismay. "And we were to have started for Greymount this evening. All my dresses are packed. It is too bad."

"It can't be helped, my dear. Of course we must pay every attention to your father's mother. When he was alive, you know she was always his first thought—even before his wife."

"But what are we to do about Cissy Wharton—Cousin Cissy, who is to come as far as the station to meet us this evening, and whom we are to escort to Greymount?"

Mrs. Clare shook her head, and looked despondingly into the glowing depths of the fire. "I never thought of that," she said slowly. "What is to be done? We could telegraph, but she will be so disappointed, poor girl!"

"And I wanted her to meet Charles *so*," continued Julia, with a young lady's customary disregard of grammar. "Mamma, Cissy will be furious. Don't you think we could manage—somehow?"

Mrs. Clare laughed at the vague proposition, and shook her head again.

"Mamma, couldn't Charles go to the station and meet Cissy? Grandmamma doesn't want *him*, and he could take care of her. Then of course Charley can take Cissy to Greymount?" cried Julia.

"You appear to be making pretty free with 'Charley's' name over there," said that individual, closing his book and throwing it on the table. "What's up now?"

"A great honor and pleasure *for* you, Charley. You are to go to Greymount without us, meet Cissy at the station, and take her with you, under your sole and undivided protection."

"Oh! honor and pleasure be hanged! Who *is* this Cissy whose name I've heard repeated at least fifty times in the last five seconds?"

"Charles, I am ashamed of you!" said Mrs. Clare. "How rude you are!"

"*Now*, Charley," said Julia, coaxingly, "you know who Cissy is—Cissy Wharton, your old playmate and my schoolfellow—*Cousin* Cissy."

"I don't remember her a bit," grumbled Charles. "What is she like? Any of the Whartons of Greymount?"

"Not at all. She is a very superior girl, so clever, three years younger than I am, and knows three times as much—German, Latin, algebra—has travelled like you, paints in oil, plays the harp beautifully. Oh, you will get on capitally! And to let you into a secret," added Julia, clapping her hands ecstatically, "it has always been a pet theory of mine that Charley and Cissy are to fall in love with each other and get married; and it almost reconciles me to going to grandmamma's just to think what a nice opportunity for the first part of the drama the twenty minutes' *tête-à-tête* in the railway carriage will be."

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense!" cried Charles, rising angrily. "I verily believe the girls of this century think of nothing but falling in love, lovers, and weddings, from their cradles to the time when they succeed in flinging their nooses over some poor fool or other. You at least might have more sense. Fall in love with your schoolfellow indeed! and a cousin too—the thing of all others which I have always reprobated. Thank God! I've never yet been real spooney on any woman, and certainly I'm not likely to begin with a blue-stocking young lady, fresh from school, with a false chignon and blue spectacles. If there is no one else to take her to Greymount, of course I can't refuse; but it will be a most awful bore, and I wish the pedantic young prig was at the bottom of the sea."

Bore or no bore, three o'clock of that same wintry afternoon found the much aggrieved Mr. Charles Clare stamping impatiently on the platform belonging to the little railway station at Newbridge. His dashing gig and thoroughbred mare had brought him there at lightning speed, lest he should be too late; and in truth he had not been three minutes on the platform before the great black train, with its fiery eye and living load, came shrieking and puffing up to the station, and began quickly to disgorge trunks and parcels, hampers of game, hampers of fish, and servant girls all the way from London for their Christmas holidays. Lots of school-boys from nine to nineteen, lots of school-girls from ten to twenty, lots of children of all ages. Fathers of families, sons of families, daughters of families; every one but mothers of families, who, as a rule, generally stay at home. And now Charles stepped up to the guard, and asked if there was a "Miss Wharton" among the passengers. "No," the guard said, looking at his list; "no, there won't," and Charles retreated to the other end of the platform in high indignation. He had not been quite sure previously whether Miss Wharton was to arrive by train or carriage; but now he made up his mind that she *ought* to have arrived by the former, and that she was too late, and that he would have to wait another hour on that dismal platform, and perhaps lose the places he had already taken, not to speak of being half frozen to death, all through that "confounded" (maliciously emphasized) girl. There was the whistle again, porters shouting, and people hurrying past him to take their places. In another minute it would be off, and he should be left behind. And wasn't there going to be an awful snow-storm? Why, it was as black as thunder already.

"Charley! Charley, dear, is that you?" exclaimed a voice at his side; and turning sharply round, he found himself face to face with a young lady of very diminutive stature, wrapped in furs from head to foot, and who was grasping breathlessly at his overcoat. "Oh, Charley! I am so late—I couldn't help it—the fly broke down," she added in gasps. "Oh, *do* hurry; the train is moving."

So it was, indeed; and Charles Clare had barely time to drag his fair companion across the platform, lift her into the first carriage he saw (fortunately a vacant one), and jump in himself, before the train started, and the storm, which seemed to have politely waited until then, came down furiously, reducing our travellers to a state of darkness visible—one of the most inviolable laws of the railway company being never to light the lamps before four P. M. from November to April.

For the first few seconds after taking their places, both young people were to much out of breath to do anything but pant. Miss Wharton, however, recovered herself first, and instantly springing to her feet exclaimed: "Charley, are you angry, that you won't speak to me? It was an awful shame to be late after not having seen you for so long—and, for that matter, I can't *see* you now, and I haven't even given you a kiss; but at any rate you shall have that at once;" and suiting the action to the word, she leaned her two little gloved hands on her companion's shoulders and gave him one hearty kiss between his eyes and another on the bridge of his Roman nose. Charles nearly fainted. He had travelled half over Europe; he had mixed in pretty nearly every shade of society, desirable and otherwise, in London and Paris; but really, you know, anything like this! No, he was so taken aback that I almost think he would have fainted if the piquancy of the sensation had not revived him. Were these the manners of boarding-school young ladies of the nineteenth century? and was he, could he be expected to return the salute?

"There now, we are all right!" cried Miss Wharton, without giving him a moment's time to recover or answer these questions, and resuming her seat with a great deal of crinoline arrangement.

"I'd like to sit on your knee, you dear old fellow; only I'm grown too big for that, and you'd be sure to drop me."

"Indeed I should not," replied Charles. They were the first words he had uttered, but possessed energy enough for half a dozen sentences. "How could you think so? I should like nothing better."

"Thank you, dear, but I'm more comfortable here. What fun it is to be travelling together this way! Mamma would hardly let me go till she heard you were coming. As it is, she'd much rather have us both at home, I can tell you."

"Very kind of her!" said Charles. "I'm really exceedingly sorry that she wasn't well enough to come too."

"Oh! she's quite well," replied Cissy, laughing. "She excused herself to aunt on plea of ill-health; but that was only a *façon de parler*. You know she and papa never will spend Christmas away from home."

"And how came they to let you go, Cissy?" asked Charles, inwardly reflecting that as she called him "Charley," he had a right to address her as "Cissy," his sister's pet abbreviation of Cecilia.

"Oh!" said the girl, with another little laugh (she seemed as light-hearted as a child), "Uncle John did press it so much! and when Frank Wharton told mamma you had promised to spend Christmas at Greymount, she said I should go too. Indeed, I threatened to run away if any difficulties were made. I did so want to see you. It was so unfortunate my being away from home during both your last visits. Wasn't it?"

"Very," said Charles, trying to recall the very few visits he had paid since childhood to his distant cousins. "I do wish we could have seen more of you," he added heartily, "but I've been away from England."

"Yes, of course. I only wish I had been with you. I should so like to travel."

"You have travelled," suggested Charles.

"I don't call going to Scotland and Ventnor travelling," retorted Cissy in a tone of pique. "When will you come home for good, Charley?"

"I'm home for good now," replied Charles. "At least, I not going to foreign parts any more."

The young lady clapped her hands gleefully. "Home for good!" she cried. "They never told me so at home. Oh, I am so glad! I must give you another kiss for that, you nice old boy."

Charles bent forward his head eagerly, but apparently forgetting the proffered gift, the young lady exclaimed, "Why, Charley, what a beard you have got. Is it a beard, though, or only whiskers?"

"A beard," said Charley, smiling behind it.

"Oh, don't wear a beard!" cried Cissy expostulatingly. "It will make you look so old! None of the girls will like you."

"I'm sure I don't care about that as long as you do," replied Charles, entering into her own spirit.

"Oh, that's all very well," she retorted, laughing, and not a bit embarrassed. "But if you're not in love with any one yet, you will be soon; so please not to wear a beard—it's so ugly."

"I'll cut it off to-morrow," said Charles humbly.

"Do, that's a dear boy. Long whiskers if you like, and above all a moustache. That's what I like."

"I'll do it," cried Charles heroically. "Anything to please you. Would you like any other alterations?"

"I can't see you well enough to tell," she replied merrily. "How tantalizing this darkness is! Worse than ever. Never mind, I can fancy what you look like quite well, for I am sure you have not changed a bit, and have still the dear old pug nose and flaxen mane—"

"Pug nose and flaxen mane!" Involuntarily Mr. Charles raised both hands, first to his auburn curls, and next to the classical Roman feature already mentioned.

"I can't expect you to remember what I looked like," he rejoined haughtily, while caressing the injured members. "I am afraid you will not find the original come up to your ideal portrait."

"Oh, your nose has grown bigger," replied Cissy, coolly; "I felt that when I kissed you. Do you remember, Charley, when mamma used to say that my nose and yours put together would only make one ordinary-sized one, I was so angry?"

"I think you had ample cause," returned Charles, pointedly. "I'm ashamed to say that I hardly remember your face, Cissy, at least not well—"

"Oh, I'm immensely altered and improved," she interrupted eagerly—a pretty, childish eagerness which was very winning. "Really, Charles, without conceit, I am. I used to be so terribly plain; but my pug nose has grown down till Uncle John says it's quite a little Grecian. Do you believe that?"

"Of course I do," cried Charles. "I could have guessed it even without you telling me."

"And I don't mind my hair being so light now, it is the fashion—*couleur cendrée*, they call it; and nicely done—*crepés*, you know—it's very pretty. Did you hear at Ventnor last year Sir Harry Thornton said I must cost papa hundreds in false hair alone, for he knew two-thirds of what I wore couldn't be my own?"

"The insolent scoundrel!" exclaimed Charles, fiercely.

"Oh, but next day," pursued Cissy, with most innocent delight, "I happened to meet him coming home from bathing, with all my hair down and hanging round me."

"So that he saw his mistake," said Charles. "Not that he deserved to be enlightened, the impertinent ape! I wish I'd been there to chastise him."

"Oh, poor old fellow! that would have been cruel," pleaded Cissy. "It was only his crabbedness. He's past sixty, you know."

"Past sixty, is he?" returned Mr. Clare, with a great sense of relief. "Well, he was wrong, anyhow. I'll swear you have the prettiest hair of any girl in England. I only wish I had a little bit of it," he added, with a remorseful recollection of his speech about "false chignons."

"Would you like some, really, Charley?" asked his cousin, apparently quite gratified by the idea. "I'm sure I'll give you as much as you like. You shall have a whole curl, and cut it off wherever you please. What do you want it for—a watch-chain?"

"Why, n—no, not exactly," replied Charles, with a very vague idea of what he wanted it for beyond the pleasure of possession. "But I think it would be very nice to have one if—"

"If I make it for you, I suppose you mean," suggested Cissy. Charles did mean it, and admitted as much.

"Very well," said his cousin cheerfully. "I will, if you are good and well-behaved, as soon as I've finished a purse I'm making for—oh, I say, Charley, isn't the train slackening?"

"Not yet, I think. Who are you making the purse for?" asked Charles jealously.

"Only Isabella Wharton. Charley, it is slackening. Oh dear, and we've hardly had time to say a word to each other, and I haven't given you one of mamma's messages."

"I'll hear them when I get to Greymount," said Charles, inwardly wishing the journey would last forever. "I am at your service all day and every day to listen to all you like to say to me, Cissy." And having got possession of one little hand, he emphasized his words by a gentle squeeze.

"Oh, but you must talk as well as listen," she said, laughing, and pulling her hand away to arrange her hair under her bonnet, for the train was evidently coming to a standstill. "You must tell me all about foreign parts, and Malta, and the garrison, and what you did, and how you amused yourself—"

"Malta!" repeated Charles, rather puzzled. But—"

"Yes," she went on unheeding his interruption, "everything you said, and did, and saw, the latter especially, and then I shall fancy I was with you."

Dear Cissy," said Charles, quite subdued by the sweet coaxing voice, and bending forward to speak the more earnestly, "I wish you would not only fancy it, but *come*. I would travel over the world if I had *you* to—"

What he was going to say—whether he was really plunging into a declaration, after twenty minutes' *tête-à-tête*—who can say? for at that moment the door was flung open, and a hoarse-voiced guard thrust in his head vociferating:

"Cap'n Whart'n! Miss Wharton here?"

"Yes, all right!" cried Cissy, springing to her feet. "Jump out, Charley, and catch my muff and basket."

Charles jumped out; but before he could obey the second command, Frank Warton of Greymount, a fine, broad-shouldered young fellow of his own age, had seized him by the hand and was welcoming him in the heartiest manner.

"Although you are a lazy dog to be so late," he added jocularly; "and I don't know how you'll make it up with Cecelia, Wharton, who, according to her account, was to have come down under your protection by the half-past two train; but her cavalier failing to—"

"But what do you mean?" interrupted Charles in utter bewilderment. "Three was the hour fixed, and I *have* brought Cissy Wharton down."

"Lucy Wharton, yes; but that's not Cecelia, my dear Clare," said the laughing Frank—"quite another thing, and, *entre nous*, a much prettier thing; but considering that she has her brother with her, and Cecelia had no one—however, I must go and speak to them," he added; and before Charles could make up his mind as to whether his cousin was or was not suffering from temporary aberration of the intellect, he had turned to the carriage and was holding out his hand for Miss Wharton to alight.

"Delighted beyond measure to see you, Miss Lucy!" he said gallantly, and still retaining the pretty hand, though the young lady had already descended. "I've been waiting here with the carriage so impatiently, watching and wishing for you—and Charley. By the way, where is Charley?"

"He jumped out before me," replied Cissy gayly. "Positively, I haven't seen him yet—it has been so dark with this snow-storm, Cousin Frank."

"Nor I either," returned her young host, offering her his arm. "I've seen no one yet but Mr. Clare, who came up with you, and who, by the way, is a distant connection of yours also—aren't you, Clare? fourteenth cousin by marriage, or something of that sort!"

The snow had ceased falling now, and Charles stood face to face with his fellow-traveller. I don't know which was paler. Her face quite rivalled the snow in whiteness as she clung to Frank Wharton's arm for support; her great blue eyes were distended, her lips, like scarlet winter berries, wide apart, and the pretty flaxen curls blown by the wind off her frightened face, as she stammered faintly, "Are—are you not my brother, then?"

"I wish I was," broke from Charles with genuine feeling. "I thought all along you were my cousin, Cissy Wharton."

There was a blank silence for a moment, and then Frank broke it by pulling Lucy away. He saw there was some dreadful blunder, though he could not yet quite understand what.

"Come to the carriage, Miss Lucy," he said, quickly and rather jealously; for Frank Wharton was by no means insensible to his pretty cousins attractions. "It's far too cold to stand talking in the snow. Are you coming, Clare?"

"No, thank you, I would rather walk," replied Charles. Not again—not again, just yet, could he ride at Lucy Wharton's side. The evening might be raw and cold to other pedestrians, but in his boiling state of confusion he found it almost unpleasantly hot. So she had taken him for her brother all the time! But how, then, did it happen that she called him "Charley?" Why was she unacquainted with her brother's appearance? And how should he meet her again? Would she consent to look on it as a joke? or what?

"That accounts for the 'pug nose and flaxen mane,'" thought Charles, as he tramped on through the snow. "She was thinking of her brother—hang him! A deuced ugly fellow he must be! It's too bad, just as I and the sweet little darling were getting on so well, to find that she was taking me for somebody else all the time. I never saw such a winning little thing in my life—never. I hope she won't think I encouraged her mistake through 'malice prepense,' and cut me, now she knows who I am. We are cousins, after all—sort of cousins, at least. Let me see—we are second cousins of the Whartons of Greymount by my mother's side, and they are first cousins to my little fellow-traveller. Then we are relations; so we have a perfect right to be good friends, and of course she'll see it when she comes to think it over coolly."

Occupied with these reflections, Mr. Clare walked but slowly; and when he arrived at the hospitable portal of Greymount Hall, the carriage had overtaken and passed him by nearly ten minutes, and was already put away in the coach-house.

Henry Wharton, a younger son of his host, met him in the hall, and himself took him to his room, telling him that the first dressing-bell had already rung, and that the house was full of visitors, who would muster in the drawing-room in full force in another three-quarters of an hour.

"I do believe we've got twenty girls here, including our own," he said, gloomily—not being as yet of an age to properly appreciate ladies' society; "and they make noise enough for twenty dozen magpies. Make haste dressing, Clare, and we'll clear out to the stables. I want to show you the governor's new mare—worth all the women-folk in the world. I'd like you to see her, and Frank's hunters."

Charles thanked him for the invitation, but declined it; and as soon as he had arranged his dress, he hastened down to the drawing-room, in the hope of seeing Lucy there. Alas! he should have remembered the saying, "Blessed are they who expect not; for they shall not be disappointed." The rooms were full of people—dark girls, fair girls, pretty girls, and plain girls, burly uncles and slim aunts, elderly spinsters and blooming young wives, fox-hunting cousins with rough, brown whiskers, guardsmen nephews with silky blonde moustaches—but no Lucy; and while his eyes were still wandering round the room in search of her, the eldest Miss Wharton, a handsome girl, held out her hand to him with a cordial welcome, adding—

"We are so sorry Mrs. Clare and Julia could not come!" then noting his roving glances—"Ah! you are looking for Cecilia, I suppose. There she is on the yellow ottoman: I hope you will find her forgiving." Thus saying, she led him to the further end of the room, where was seated a tall, painfully slight young lady, with dark hair gathered in a huge and gloomy chignon, and of a pale and rather plain countenance.

"Cecilia," said Miss Wharton, "here is Mr. Clare, your recreant cavalier. He is very anxious to make his peace, so I shall leave him to your tender mercies, while I see after our other friends. Mamma is still up stairs with Lucy." She looked rather disturbed as she said the last words, and Charles longed to question her; but she had turned away, and he was obliged to remain and make the proper apologies and explanations to his intended charge: pretty speeches to which Cecilia (he felt sure he could never have called *her* Cissy) listened politely, answered in brief, shy sentences, and relapsed into silence. Charles thought he had never met so stupid and uninteresting a girl; and as he was too *distrait* to make much effort for her entertainment, her opinion of him probably amounted to the same.

Fortunately, however, dinner was ere long announced to be on the table, and Charles escorted his silent companion down stairs to the dining-room, where the hospitable board was soon encircled by a merry party numbering twenty one in all, but not including Lucy Wharton or her invisible brother.

Mr. Wharton, the host, a jolly, red-cheeked squire of the old school, measuring six feet in his stockings, seemed the only one besides Charles who missed the absentees.

"Where are Charley and Lucy?" he asked in stentorian tones, which nearly drowned the surrounding chatter.

"Captain Wharton has not arrived," began Frank.

"And Lucy?" interrupted his father, "where's my pet Lucy? If she hasn't come, I'll go down to Stonnington rectory myself and fetch her."

"Lucy is rather tired, and has a bad headache," said Mrs. Wharton in explanation. "She sends her love to her uncle John, and says he must excuse her from coming to dinner: for the noise he is sure to make would send her to bed for the rest of the evening."

"She's a saucy little minx!" cried Mr. Wharton in great delight. "Just like her messages! Never has any more respect for me than if I were an old cow! Well, well, she's a bonny little fairy anyway: and as she's not here, we'll drink her health. Look at Frank there, blushing. He's found out who is the prettiest little girl in Somersetshire, without offence to all my other pretty nieces and daughters present and absent. Hey, Frank, isn't that true, sir?"

"Really, sir," began Frank, blushing and looking down, inasmuch that he was quite oblivious of the vindictive glance Charles Clare was launching at him. "I—that is—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed his father. "Frank doesn't like to be teased. What'll you take that she won't have you, Frank? I'll stake a hundred guineas against that breakneck dog-cart you've set up lately. There, there, don't get so red about it. My dears, we'll leave him alone till he cools, or I won't answer for the consequences. He's a terribly conceited fellow, young ladies, and I take the opportunity of letting him down a peg or two every Christmas, when I've got a lot of you to protect me."

In this strain Mr. Wharton rattled on during dinner; and as his humor was as well known as his thorough good-nature, the victim generally laughed as heartily in the end as any one else. Charles Clare alone sat grave and silent, Miss Cecilia wondering the while how her dear Julia ever came to be blessed (or cursed) with so intensely stupid a brother. Not one word beyond the necessary civilities of the table did he address to her during dinner, and she inwardly pronounced him a solemn, empty-headed dandy; while poor Charles himself was fretting over Lucy's headache and absence, blaming himself for both, and wishing he was with her to heal their little misunderstanding. Not till it was time for the gentlemen to return to the drawing-room did he breathe freely. Perhaps he should find her there. But no, there was no sign of her, and instead he found himself beckoned to the side of his hostess, a kind, motherly-looking old lady, with silver-gray hair, and gentle blue eyes which looked as if they sympathized with his trouble, as, making room for him beside her, she said softly:

"That was an unfortunate mistake in the train to-day, Mr. Clare."

"I hope Miss Wharton doesn't mind it," said Charles contritely.

"Oh, Lucy, poor child, has been crying her eyes out about it. You must know now that she took you for her brother."

"Yes, I suppose so, but why?"

"Her brother is an officer in the Fifty-third, now quartered at Malta, and she has not seen him for several years. True, he has been at home two or three times, but either when she was at school or in Scotland with us. When Frank was at Malta last summer he made Charles Wharton promise to spend Christmas with us; and as he only landed in England yesterday, it was arranged that he should come on here straight, and that Lucy should meet him at the station. It was dusk when she got there, and as the guard pointed you out as the gentleman who had been inquiring for Miss Wharton, she naturally took you for Charley, especially as you answered to the name. She never doubted for one moment your identity. Mr. Clare, why did you not undeceive her?"

Mrs. Wharton's gentle tones became gravely remonstrating as she uttered the last words, and Charles reddened to the hair under the implied reproach.

"Upon my word and honor, Mrs. Wharton," he exclaimed, loud enough to draw upon himself a fire of angry glances from a group surrounding the piano where some fair vocalist was performing, "I never had the faintest notion that Cissy—Lucy—confound it! no, I beg your pardon—I mean that Miss Wharton took me for any one but myself. I was there to meet Cecila Wharton, whom my sister calls 'Cissy,' and I called her 'Cissy.' She didn't say it wasn't her name."

"My dear Mr. Clare, brothers so often abbreviate sister into 'sissy,' that—"

"Well, yes, but I didn't know that, and she called me Charley, as I think all my cousins should, and she was very kind and affectionate to me, just as if we were old friends, and I'm sure I thought it very nice and pleasant and jolly."

Mrs. Wharton smiled, she could not help it, at the *naïveté* of this conclusion.

"I suppose I must acquit you," she said, kindly, "but I'm afraid my poor Lucy will not so easily forgive herself for *her* mistake. She positively refuses to appear down stairs till her brother does arrive."

"I'm awfully sorry she should think so much of it," said Charles, dolefully. "Couldn't you tell her so, and ask her not to be so foolish as to mind such a trifle? I'd rather go away again, than keep her up stairs. I really would; and I will if she likes."

"Oh, no—nonsense!" replied Mrs. Wharton. "I can't help wondering, however, how you managed so completely to deceive each other, and why you didn't find out the mistake in conversation."

"So do I," admitted Charles; "but after all, we talked very generally, and she did most of it; talked of my absence abroad—I *have* just come back from the Continent, you know—called me Charley all the time, never once 'brother,' I'll swear. How did I know it was *his* name too? And how could I tell she was taking me for him?"

"Still, young ladies hardly treat their male cousins exactly the same as brothers," observed Mrs. Wharton, with a half smile, as she recollected Lucy's sobbing confession: "I kissed him, Aunt Fanny, I did. I kissed him twice. Oh, I can't ever see him again."

Charles, however, did not seem to see that part of the affair in so terrible a light. Perhaps some of the recent lady novelists had imbued him with the idea that kissing gentlemen and receiving kisses from them was the natural and daily occupation of the "girls of the period." After a moment's pause, Mrs. Wharton added cheerfully:

"Well, never mind. Don't think any more of it. Captain Wharton will be here to-morrow, and then you and Lucy can make friends again. Now go. It's too bad of an old woman like me to be keeping you beside her, when there are so many pretty girls in the room."

Before breakfast on the following morning Captain Wharton arrived, and explained his late appearance by saying that he had gone on to Stonnington rectory to see his parents and fetch his sister, instead of meeting her at the station, as agreed upon. He was a young man of about Charles's height and age, but gifted with a round, red, good-tempered face, quite destitute of hair, whether beard or whiskers, and a curly crop of light hair, the shade verging on sandy. Charles glanced at his own tall, slight figure, close-cut chestnut locks, and dark, thick moustache, in a neighboring pier-glass, and thought Lucy's sight must indeed have been defective if she could fancy any resemblance between them. She appeared at breakfast, seated beside her brother at the further end of the long table; but she hardly spoke or lifted her eyes once from the cloth, and her cheeks wore such a bright, painful glow, that Charles caught himself staring at her abstractedly, and thinking how much prettier she was with those crimson cheeks and drooping eyelashes than any other girl in the room. He firmly resolved to talk to her after breakfast; but, as the old saying is, "*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*" Before the meal was quite concluded, his cousin, Fanny Wharton, engaged his attention on some trifling matter of dispute, and when he could look round Lucy had disappeared with some of the juveniles. Her brother, however, came up to our hero, making friendly overtures, and laughing heartily over the previous day's mistake.

"It is very fortunate you were there to take care of the giddy little goose," he said in conclusion, "and still more fortunate, by George, that you were a relation. Ha! ha! ha!" Had Lucy made a full confession to her brother, Charles wondered. He could not of course ask the question; but he had this consolation, that if the young lady was really angry with him, her brother would not show himself in so cordial and friendly a light. Cheered by this reflection, he responded warmly, and not only began to like the pug-nosed captain, but actually to detect a pleasant likeness between his jovial, rattling voice, and Lucy's bird-like treble.

Being Christmas day, however, church was the thing to think of at present; and the party at Greymount Hall was so large that when three carriages were filled there were still half a dozen fur-cloaked, trim-booted young people bent on walking to service. Fain would Charles Clare have joined these light-hearted pedestrians; but in virtue of the reputation for a "great swell" and traveller which he had recently acquired, he found himself directed to a seat in the open carriage between Miss Wharton and Miss Cecelia, a dignified position, whence, with a pang of ungrateful mortification, he saw Lucy, leaning on her brother's arm, join the walking party and set off down the snow-covered path across the park. With a gloomy brow, which under the circumstances was really ridiculous, he gazed at the small, trim figure, the tunic of bronze velveteen looped up over an elaborately braided scarlet petticoat, the tiny feet in their high-heeled boots, the small black hat with its sweeping feather perched on the pretty flaxen curls, and revealing rather than shading the still prettier face beneath.

"I am beginning to make a fool of myself about that girl," said Charles to himself; and then a bright idea came into his mind; he smiled under his heavy moustache, and, as a turn in the road shut out the fairy vision from view, resolutely turned to his fair companions, and applied himself so well to the task of entertaining them, that Miss Cecelia retracted her opinion of the previous day, and began to reflect over certain freely expressed wishes of her friend Julia as to her brother's future marriage.

Church over, and the Christmas salutations exchanged with many a neighbor in the church porch, Lucy and the rest of the walking party started off again on their homeward way, and Charles, dexterously lifting a tired child into his place in the carriage, announced to Fanny Wharton, who was one of the pedestrians, his intention of accompanying them. She, nothing loath, assented cheerfully, and they were just starting when Charles heard himself hailed by the squire's hearty and powerful voice. "Look here, Clare," cried he; "if you can leave those young ladies awhile, what d'you say to walking home with me, by the farm? I'd like to show you the beasts I'm fattening for the prize show on Wednesday. Your father had a great taste that way—the best turkey-fancier in the country; and if you'll come, I flatter myself I've a pig over there which will surprise you—obliged to have crutches to support her upright. *You* never saw such fat! Come along." And, unable to refuse, poor Charles followed, mentally consigning his host and the "disgusting pig" to a warm region as he walked. Fanny Wharton, too, looked crossly at her papa for a moment. Why should he call away such a handsome beau from her side? But then the handsome beau looked so miserable that she could not help laughing, and hastened on to tell Lucy what "poor Cousin Clare had been let in for, by that dear, stupid old papa," whereat Lucy smiled and sighed, and blushed so rosy red that it was really a pity "poor Cousin Clare" could not see her.

Much later in the day—in fact, about half an hour before dinner, which on this day was announced punctually at seven—Mr. Charles Clare might have been seen descending the grand staircase to the library. He was in full evening dress, irreproachably got up from top to toe; and when, five minutes before, he had abruptly deserted the merry party in the drawing-room, more than one pretty face had clouded perceptibly. But the recreant had an object in view—which object, by the way, may be gathered from a short conversation into which he had seduced the innocent captain ten minutes previously.

"Wharton!" said he, severely, "where is your sister, that I don't see her with my other cousins?"

"Why, the fact is, she's got a headache! Fancy a headache on Christmas day! Ha! ha! I told her it was very improper; but she laid it on that long sermon the old parson gave us; and she's stopping in the library, where it's quieter than here, till dinner is announced. I've promised to send Frank then to take her down."

"Never mind Frank, he's busy flirting with that black-eyed Mrs. Latham," said Charles; "I'll go."

"But Frank wished—"

"My dear fellow, he *must* take a matron, by right. Oh! by the way, where *do* you get those magnetic brushes of yours I saw you using to-day? They're far superior to anything I have."

"My brushes!" said the pleased young officer. "Oh, I got them made at Wiggles & Baggles's, Oxford street, you know; but they're a dodge of my own; I gave them the directions for making them."

"Indeed! Well, I fancied there was something quite novel about them. What a clever fellow you are! I must get you to order me a pair. And, oh! didn't you say you couldn't enjoy the mildest cigar in your room, because you were so near some of the girls? Why not come and enjoy your weed with me, when you want it? I'm right away at the other end of the house, and there are some prime Havanas at your service."

"I shall be delighted, I'm sure. Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Isn't that the first gong? Perhaps Miss Lucy's head is better. I'll go and fetch her." And with that the wily diplomatist whisked round, and abruptly quitted the room. The library door stood a little ajar, and pausing outside, Charles saw there was no light in the room beyond that diffused by the glowing masses of coal in the old-fashioned grate; just in front of which, with one slender foot on the fender, and one slender hand on the mantelpiece, her pretty head bending forward, as if in meditation, stood Lucy Wharton. The red glow of the fire shone full on her pretty rounded figure, clad in white robes of some thin, transparent material; on the small, rosy-fingered hand hanging listlessly at her side; on the wealth of sunny hair, partly drawn high off the slender white throat, partly falling in two or three heavy curls over the glistening shoulders. It flickered on the green ivy wreath, it just kissed the little white gloves and jewelled fan lying on the nearest seat, and then it played round the girlish form, leaving the rest of the quaint old room in a dim, red twilight, as if nothing but she was worthy to be enlightened by the ruddy blaze. Charles stood for a moment drinking in the scene with quiet delight, wondering, too, for one second, with anything but delight, whether perchance she knew of that arrangement with Frank Wharton—whether she was thinking of him: and then he pushed the door open and entered. So lost was she in thought that the quiet footfall never roused her, and she started violently when Charles spoke:

"Miss Wharton, your brother has sent me to see if your head is well enough to permit your coming up stairs." He spoke coolly and easily so as not to confuse her; but Lucy's cheeks were suffused in an instant with the very deepest crimson. She actually looked round for a moment as if for some chance of escape, and then, recollecting herself, picked up her gloves and said nervously:

"Oh! thank you. It was very wrong of Charley to trouble you. I am quite well—much better. I mean—I'll go directly—I—I think I hear him coming for me—please don't wait."

She was stretching out her hand for her fan, when Charles frustrated her by taking it himself, and offering her his other hand instead.

"Cousin Lucy," said he, dropping his formal tone, "are you really so awfully angry that you won't shake hands or speak to me—even to say a 'merry Christmas,' or bid me 'good-by?'"

"Good-by," repeated Lucy. Was she only echoing his words, or actually bidding him a cool farewell? Charles would not deign to fancy the latter for a moment.

"Yes, good-by," he repeated pathetically, "since you cannot forgive me, and I am so terrible to you that you are obliged to sit alone to escape me. I have told Mrs. Wharton so, and she quite agrees with me that it is the best thing I can do. So good-by, Cousin Lucy, and a happy Christmas to you." Saying which last words in a deep, melancholy tone, Charles held out his hand again, with an air which spoke volumes of magnanimous self-sacrifice. Lucy, if not quite fool enough to believe that he was about to leave immediately, felt nevertheless that she had behaved rudely, and changed from a rose into a peony.

"Oh, Mr. Clare, I am not angry," she said, instinctively putting out her fingers to meet those still outstretched; "at least, not with *you*."

"You are certainly not angry with any one else. You don't run away from any one else," replied Charles, retaining his hold of the soft little hand, but still speaking in the same tragic tones.

"I can't run away from myself, and I am angry with no one else," pleaded Lucy. "It was all my fault; but indeed I thought you were Charley."

"So I am 'Charley,' and you were not in fault at all."

"Oh! but I mean my brother," she said quickly. "You must—oh! surely you must have seen I was under a mistake, or I should never have—have treated you as a brother."

"And pray why shouldn't you?" spoke Mr. Charles boldly. "I heartily wish I was your brother if it would afford you a moment's pleasure. At any rate I am your cousin, and if you will only call me 'Charley' again (as cousins should), I'll tell you all you wanted to know about my travels and Malta—though by the way I was only a few hours in that island of bliss. I'll even flatten my nose into a pug, and—"

"Oh! please don't, please!" cried Lucy, trying hard to pull away her hands to cover her face.

"And buy a flaxen wig," continued the unpitying Charles. "That was what you liked, wasn't it? Oh, yes, and I'll dye my whiskers. Look here, Lucy, the beard is all gone, every hair shaved off at your command? Does not that sacrifice merit a smile." The piteous tone, the air with which he took hold of one brown whisker and pulled it, provoked a sudden dimpling in Lucy's cheek—a weakness of which Charles immediately took advantage to back her gently into a large arm-chair which stood behind her.

"Look here, Cousin Lucy," said he, standing in front of her, "don't you think you may be satisfied with making me miserable for a whole day and night just because you made me happy for half an hour? Did I do anything very dreadful during that time?"

"What did you call me 'Missy' *for*?" demanded Lucy abruptly.

"Because I took you for a female relative of mine, whom I won't name, as she isn't worthy to untie your shoe. There, that is the whole 'head and front of my offending.' Are you going to cut me for it?" Lucy made no reply. "Well, well, as you like, but you need not take the trouble to run away from me any more. I shall save you any further pain by leaving Greymount at once."

"I am very sorry—" began Lucy timidly.

"Pray don't distress yourself about such a trifle," interrupted Charles with a majestic air. "Frank Wharton is waiting to take you down to dinner, and, as I shall not wait to spoil your Christmas feast with my presence, allow me to apologize now for having forced myself into your society, and to wish you a very good evening."

"No," said Lucy, blushing very much, but with a mirthful twinkle in her blue eyes, "I shall not allow you to talk any more nonsense. Mr. Clare, why are you so ridicu-